Next Month

ENGLAND OFF THE GOLD STANDARD

Harold J. Laski

Is England better off than the United States? You would think so if you listened to some of our home-spun authorities on foreign affairs, both in and out of Congress. But read what an Englishman has to say about the state of his country and the accomplishments of its government during the past year, and you will realize that our statesmen and economists are no worse than the average.

THE PALE HORROR

Paul de Kruif

Part II of this fascinating serial tells of the scientific detective work of Jules Bordet, "prophet of doom," who discovered the now famous Wassermann test and never knew it. "Our science," Bordet said of microbe-hunting, "is the most stirring of sports!" Paul de Kruif makes it possible for the lay reader to share the thrills of the microbe-hunters.

MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE

Mark S. Watson

They are still going out — those millions — in payment for our past wars. Do you know that widows of the War of 1812 are still drawing pensions? Do you know that national defense, the national debt created by the last war, and balm for veterans are now costing us just short of *70 per cent of our annual expenditures?*

HANGOVER — 1932

John V. A. Weaver

A frank confession by one of the former high priests of the jazz age, who now admits that the ideals of his generation during the boom, as exemplified in himself, were all wrong. Nothing is left, he says, but a bad taste in the mouth and the will to reform.

RADIO REVIEWS

Cyrus Fisher

Cyrus Fisher's comments on current radio programs will appear each month. He speaks his mind, with no regard for the feelings of the sponsors.

HOOVERVILLE

Charles R. Walker

The second part of this investigation covers the situation among the unemployed and their attitude toward doles and agitation for revolution.

FORUM and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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VOL. LXXXVIII — No. 2

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Why don't you write?

TOASTS

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY is professor of political economy at Harvard University. Although he has written numerous books on transportation and finance, he is best and most widely known as the author of *Main Street and Wall Street*, published in 1926, which created an extraordinary disturbance in business circles and was actually responsible for various changes in business procedure. During the past two years he has been devoting himself particularly to a study of the operations of public utilities.

CHARLES R. WALKER gathered the material for his present article, and for the sequel which will appear in September, during the course of a prolonged motor trip through a number of states. He has just written a play, *Crazy American*, which is based on the same experiences and which is being given a preliminary production this summer in Southampton, Long Island, before being brought to Broadway by Haight and Potter. Mr. Walker was one of the co-authors of *Harlan Miners Speak*, published this winter, and has also written several other books, of which *Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker* is especially well known.

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, President of the American Museum of Natural History, is, of course, one of the country's most famous and most distinguished scientists. The author of a long list of important books, he is particularly noted for his *Men of the Old Stone Age*. Professor Osborn returned some months ago from a trip around the world.

ALVIN F. HARLOW is a free lance writer who has published a number of historical and biographical books, the most recent and most popular of which is *Old Bowery Days*. He has eleven other books projected — which makes him feel that he has probably embarked on a Twenty-Five Year Plan. Mr. Harlow was born in Missouri and went to college in Indiana.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER, formerly President of Reed College, Oregon, is one of America's most authoritative writers on economics and business. His numerous books on the subject have been written in collaboration with Waddill Catchings. Mr. Foster lives in Newton, Massachusetts.

PAUL DE KRUIF, author of *Microbe Hunters, Hunger Fighters*, and other books, was born in Zeeland, Michigan, in 1890. After service in the Sanitary Corps of the army, during the war, he left the faculty of the Medical School of the University of Michigan, where he was educated, to join the staff of the Rockefeller Institute. Exiled from science in 1922 because of a series of diatribes on doctors and medical science which did not please the Institute, he decided to take up his new profession of scribbling, and was of considerable service to Sinclair Lewis in the writing of *Arrowsmith*. Since then he has devoted himself entirely to the reporting of scientific adventure. According to his own account, Mr. de Kruif lives the life of a solvent beachcomber in a little house in the woods on the shore of Lake Michigan.

ELIZABETH MOREY is a graduate of Wellesley and a resident of New York. She is in her early thirties, is married, and has two children.

LEE SIMONSON is most widely known as a scenic designer and member of the Board of Directors of the Theatre Guild, but he has many other interests. He devotes almost as much time to architecture and interior decoration as he does to the stage, and at various periods he has designed textiles, modernistic furniture, advertising exhibits, has edited a magazine (*Creative Art*), and lectured on the stage. It is his belief that art is essentially utilitarian, but that it is no less art for that reason. The article which we publish this month will form part of a book, *The Stage Is Set*, to be published by Harcourt Brace in September. His previous book, *Minor Prophecies*, appeared in 1927.

RICHMOND C. BEATTY is a graduate of Vanderbilt University, where he also got his Ph.D in 1930, and is now a member of the English department of the State Teachers College, Memphis, Tennessee. He is the author of *William Byrd of Westover*, published last spring, and is now busy on a life of Bayard Taylor.

ETHEL HEPBURN, who now lives in Minnesota, was born in Wisconsin, and says that Glenway Westcott's "Grandmothers" might well have been her own. She earns her living in a law office, and has written one or two articles on the world of business as it appears to a stenographer therein. She has also published some poetry.

C. A. DYKSTRA, City Manager of Cincinnati, left the faculty of the University of Kansas in 1918 to discover whether his teaching of municipal government was unduly theoretical. Before he was invited, in 1930, to take up his present position, he had considerable experience with civic organizations in Cleveland, Chicago, and Los Angeles, was for eight years connected with the great water and power enterprise of the latter city, and also became a member of the faculty of the University of California.

CYRUS FISHER, who has replaced Darwin L. Teilhet as THE FORUM'S radio critic, has had a wide and varied radio experience. He assisted Mr. Teilhet in preparing the earlier radio columns.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting on articles that have appeared in The Forum. Due to space limitations, the Editor reserves the right to publish the letters only in part.

Hibben, Rockefeller, and The Forum

Perhaps the most widely commented upon development in the current prohibition controversy has been the conversion of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from a staunch dry to the ranks of the repealists. Newspapers throughout the country have lately reported that one of the causes for Mr. Rockefeller's shift in attitude was his reading of Dr. John Grier Hibben's article, "Our National Moral Issue," in the April FORUM, in which the President Emeritus of Princeton University, himself formerly an active dry leader, declared outright for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In Behalf of the Irish

To the Editor:

In the June FORUM you published a paper by John Gavin entitled "The Irish Myth" which happens to be a very serious and most abusive attack on the character of an outstanding racial group of the American people. Permit me to remind you of the gross misuse of your responsibility, especially at this critical juncture of our economic history, in lending the pages of a national magazine to the fallacious outpourings of a scholastically illiterate and sociologically ignorant pseudo-journalist.

Among the many amazing features of the article are the frequent references made to the contumacious theological conduct of priests and their influence on millions of gullible Irish-Americans. In the interest of public morals alone religion is a very serious matter, not to be lightly or hurriedly tampered with, and least of all by a man who shows all the signs of being savagely shallow in things apologetic. General and universal statements, damning and conclusive, have no better basis than the writer's limited experience coupled with a promiscuous reading of such publications as *The Irish World.*

I wish to protest against this malicious and unfounded article in what people assume to be a high-class magazine interested in truth.

WILLIAM J. LEEN
University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Cheers

To the Editor:

Yo-ho for the valorous Mr. Gavin! Yo, equally ho for THE FORUM! For twenty years I have hoped for the man and the impartial periodical who together might have the temerity to prick the bub-

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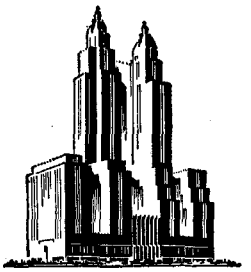

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Our Rostrum

ble of the Irish Myth. "I'm not prejudiced, thank God," said the Duke of Wellington, "but I do hate a Frenchman like the devil."

I do not hate the Irish; they have never done anything to me directly. But it is demonstrably true, I believe, that they exercise an obnoxious influence on American life. Entirely incapable of, and racially disinclined to, objective thinking; irrational, illogical, completely controlled by emotions and prejudices, their own can do no wrong. The alternately cheering and booing audience at the Hofstadter hearings in New York is ample proof of this.

By the dextrous use of a few plaintive ballads and an infernal amount of ballyhoo, the Irish have been "sold" to America. By all means let us re-examine our purchase and then gracefully acknowledge that we have been stung.

WILLIAM B. ALDRICH

Washington, D. C.

"Healthy Opposition"

To the Editor:

As one reader to another, I should like to say to Miss Ella B. Smith, contributor to the June Rostrum, that now, if ever, is the logical time for the founding of a New Party, Labor or otherwise. I should like to ask her, through your columns, if she is one of those who believe there are still two parties to-day, and if so to enlighten her to the fact that they are, whatever they may wish to label themselves, merely two branches of one party. I am no more versed in political science than is Miss Smith, but it requires only limited intelligence to realize that what we have lately needed and are in particularly noticeable want of during these times are new aims, new spirit, a New party, which, though it might not come to power, would at least provide a "healthy opposition" to those now holding the reins of government.

Miss Smith appears to be one of those who wish to defer any progress until we shall have rounded that elusive corner and become well established in the New Golden Era of Prosperity, which is precisely the time when no one ever bothers about it. It is deplorable but true that, human nature being what it is, the foundations of progress are laid only in times of stress and stern opposition, and progress itself achieved only by having it forced upon us, whether we like it or no.

EDWARD P. STUART

New Orleans, La.

"Anonymous"

To the Editor:

"A Doctor's Advice to His Critics" was splendidly written, and presented the subject in a very fair light. But for many reasons, it is regrettable that such an article should have to appear anonymously. I should think that the author would have

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Our Rostrum

been glad to have signed his full name.

I should like to plead with you not to publish anonymous articles. It is always of far greater satisfaction to the reader to have the author use his name rather than to remain veiled in secrecy.

JAMES HITCHCOCK, M.D.

Boston, Mass.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Dr. Hitchcock has the courage of his convictions, as readers will recall from his forthright paper,* "In Defense of Caesareans," *in the January* FORUM. *But the Editor, while agreeing entirely with his point of view, feels compelled to respect the wishes of those more timid writers who are forced to speak anonymously or not at all.*

In Re. July Foreword

Dear Mr. Henry Goddard Leach:
I think your idea is a peach —
The one you had about a National
Advisory Council, highly rational;
To be appointed by the President
And down in Washington be resident;
A board of rank of full professors,
A group of seers and not guessers,
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Rejoicing in Supreme Court salaries.
They would advise our mighty Senate
And make astute suggestions when it
Was apt to follow former hobbies
And lend its ears to all the lobbies.
These learned men of alma maters
Would coach our lower legislators,
Until in laws passed by the House
We'd smell no rat or even mouse.
Unswayed by interests, these advisers
Are influence-and-pull despisers.
Professors simply can't abide it.
I know. Myself when young, I tried it.
Ah, many of us own ambitions
To see these profs. flunk politicians.
Yet, Mr. Leach, I hate to trouble you,
But there was Wickersham (George W.)
And all his board of savants rising
To do some national advising
And lots and lots of recommending
Without our pains and puzzles ending.
Still eating problems, clothing, housing,
Public opinion are arousing.
Your Council, backed by that, might do it,
And so, say I, more power to it
In helping mortals like a Brownie.

Yours very truly,

FAIRFAX DOWNEY

New York, N. Y.

Kidnaping and Prohibition

To the Editor:

Why did Ralph E. Renaud have to spoil his perfectly good article, "The Kidnaping Profession," (June FORUM) by turning it into a discussion of prohibition?

Can't you lend some kind of influence to stop your contributors from breaking in with far-fetched wet arguments?

DON C. KEESLER

Anderson, Ind.

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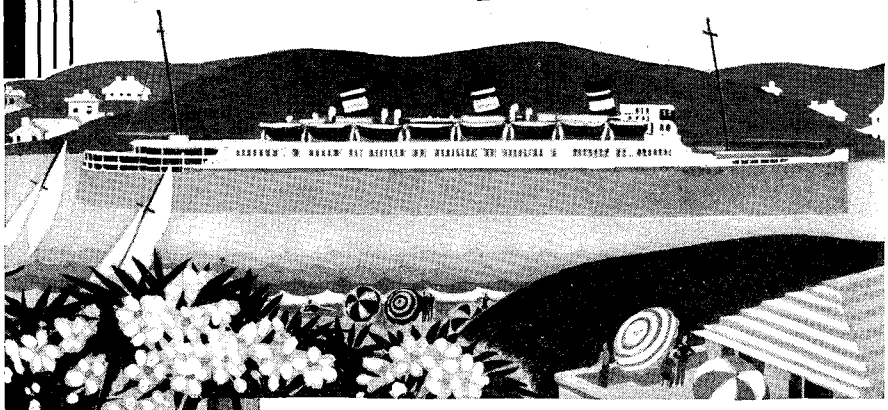

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Wide World

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Below — Pittsburgh

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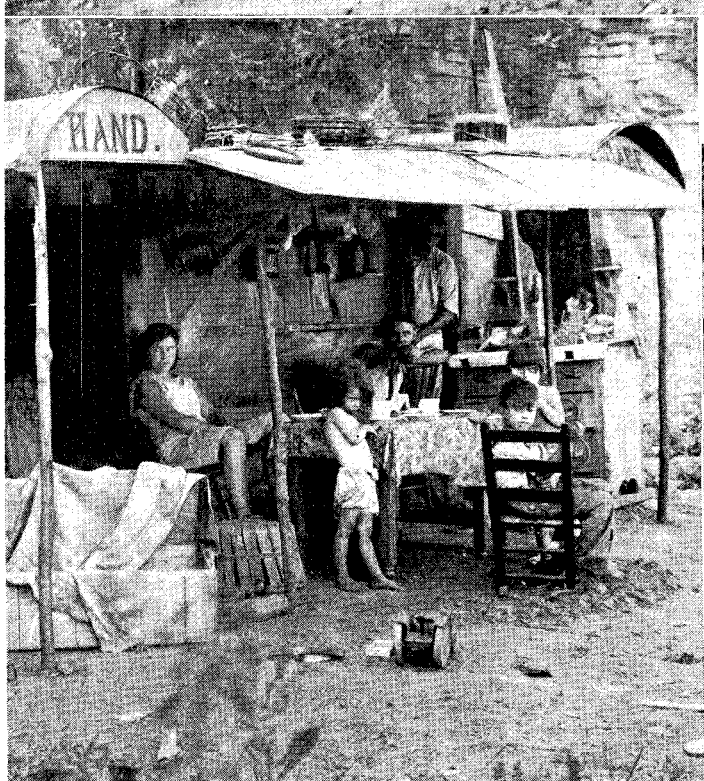
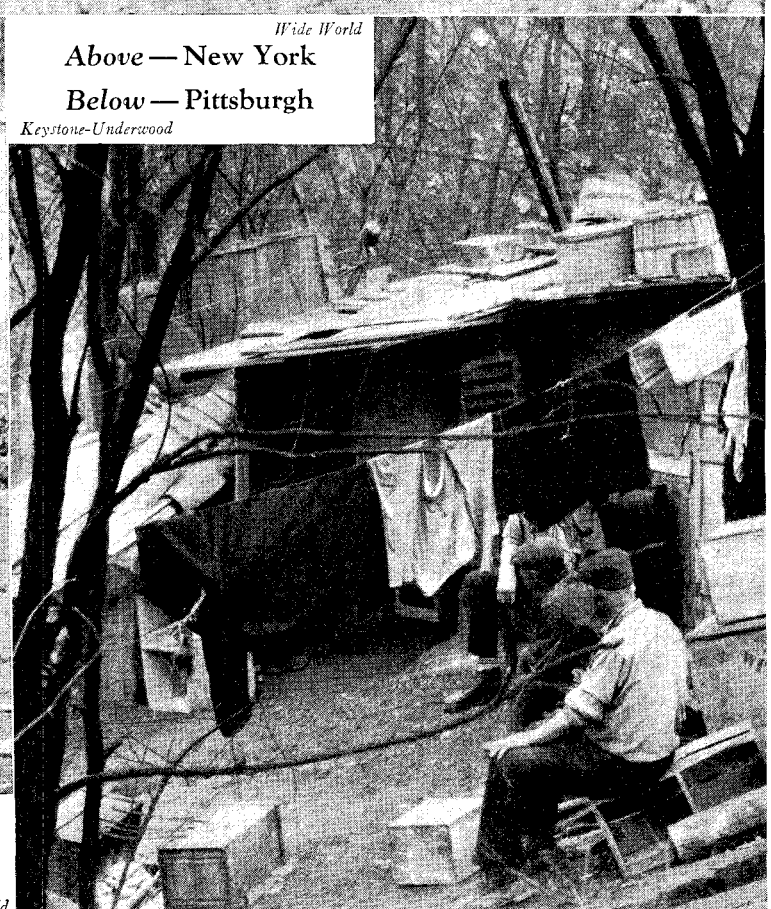


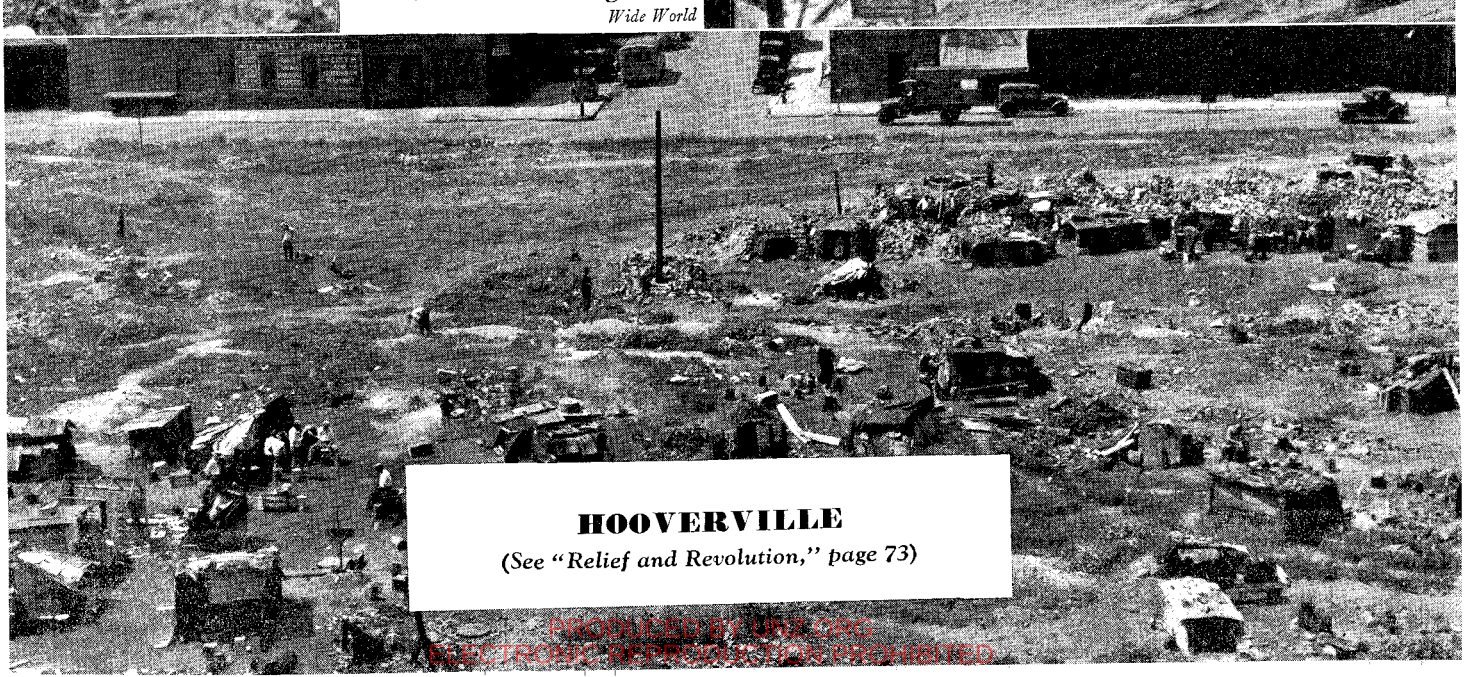


Wide World

Above — St. Louis

Below — Chicago

Wide World



HOOVERVILLE

(See "Relief and Revolution," page 73)

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FORUM

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How Do Women Vote?

A Foreword by the Editor

When the polls close on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1932, the women of the United States will have cast their fourth ballot in a national presidential election. What effect, if any, have they had on American politics in the twelve years since the proclamation of the Nineteenth Amendment? To the surprise of many of the Antis, women have not formed themselves into a wilful block with a view to opposing legislation proposed by men. They seem to have divided evenly with men on party lines, and it has been so difficult statistically to prove a feminine predominance in favor of particular planks or particular candidates that a popular belief has grown up that the women vote in the same proportion as the men on any issue and do not change the result of the masculine ballot.

We believe, however, that this is not the case. While psychologists no longer concede to women the old-fashioned attribute of superior "intuition," we believe that women do exercise in their political reasoning a divining faculty for which the psychologists will eventually have to find a new name. A woman's mind is more apt than a man's to brush aside political expediency, party shibboleths, and verbal magic and strike at the root of the human problem. Commenting on the League of Women Voters and its recent convention in Detroit, *The Chicago Daily News* said editorially: "Men, with a vastly longer history as voters, have developed no organization comparable in spirit or extent. They incline to specialize in group interests and party success." The women's organization "brings to a focus a persistent and realistic curiosity that is wholesomely disturbing to politicians dealing in hokum and camouflaging ulterior purposes beneath patriotic bombast."

Masculine politicians read with amazement and alarm the Detroit resolution of the League of Women Voters favoring the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. The Sino-Japanese fiasco had apparently made the League of Nations still more unpopular among male voters throughout the country and several candidates for the presidency, even men as friendly to international co-operation as Baker and Roosevelt, had recanted their enthusiasm for Geneva. The women, however, were willing to overlook imperfections and strike for the major issue of human brotherhood and world peace.

It is true that many women are as hard-boiled as many men. But in general women care less for profits and more for persons, more for getting together than for splitting apart. A female Congress would probably enact a tariff fair for the average citizen and the nation as a whole but hard on special interests and local lobbies. Women would bolt by the millions to a strong Labor party. Wherever legislation is proposed for workmen's insurance, for children's bureaus, for sanitation or public health, for the regulation of sexual behavior by prevention rather than punishment, in the interest of the consumer instead of the producer, there more women's votes will be found on the side of human welfare than in the interest of party selfishness.

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Public Utility Insecurities

by **WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY**

WIDESPREAD popular ownership of electric light and power, gas, water, and pipe-line securities is of recent occurrence. There was relatively little before the World War. The increase, however, in this short space of time has exceeded even the striking growth in the number of stock and bond holdings in other directions. These companies, therefore, have acquired another status imbuing them with a public interest. For many years, this aspect of these industries has been based solely upon the matter of rates charged for service rendered; but now they have added a second public interest by reason of this widespread investment.

The phenomenal growth of this popular investment in utilities has been in part due to the stimulus given thereto by the industry itself. First of all, there were far-reaching campaigns to bring about customer ownership. Several million small shareholdings are the result. Moreover, thousands of employees have been encouraged and, as the evidence shows, also sometimes compelled to invest in these businesses. And latterly, deliberate publicity campaigns through the press and on the air are directed to persuade people of modest means to put their current savings into such stocks and bonds. Strenuous efforts have been made, even in the midst of the prevailing depression, to bring about withdrawal from savings banks and even, it is said, to borrow upon life insurance policies, to the same end. Highly inviting rates of return have been promised, which means of course an ultimate corresponding levy upon the general public as consumers. At least a million dollars annually is being spent by one company in advertising, not wares — electricity, gas, or water service — but bonds and stocks.

The immediate future, until very lately, promised to be big with the possibility of a still greater rush of popular investment into these enterprises. The public utilities, quite deservedly when properly managed, have been more nearly depression-proof than most other branches of investment. Shock after shock to confidence in almost everything else has been administered, one way or another. The railroads have their troubles. Who could be interested in foreign loans? Where are the investment trusts of which so much was expected? And as for real estate bonds, the less said the better. Thus, not only have the public utilities stood up relatively well; but they also represent all the possibilities for the future of a technically new and generally indispensable industry. In no other line does there seem to be such potential growth. For all these reasons the resumption of prosperity, when it shall come, may well be marked by an even greater outpouring of capital into these channels than has already been witnessed.

Certain utility bonds are just now being advertised as selling "at the rate of nearly $1,000,000 a week." Upon examination, how far do they conform to the two prime requisites for persons of modest means? The first is that they should be readily convertible on short notice into cash. Only thus may unexpected emergencies be met. Or else, at all events, they should be available as collateral for borrowing at the banks. The first of these requisites is of course the outstanding advantage of a savings bank account. But suppose such public utility securities have no real open market which affords day-to-day indication of their worth! Many securities of the sort are said to be listed upon the exchanges. But what of that! Some are listed upon the Los Angeles Curb, another on the Amsterdam Curb (Netherlands, not New York!) Purchase warrants of one of the largest of these companies, if ever

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dealt in publicly, must be bought and sold on the New York Produce Exchange, along with oats, cheese, or what not. The absence of such listing upon the only public mart which sets up worthwhile standards for fair dealing, namely the New York Stock Exchange, is one of the main objections to the widespread distribution of such securities.

The Same Old Protest

"Don't rock the boat." Any disquieting comment in time of stress is bound to start up this familiar cry. But human nature being what it is, words uttered in fair weather fall upon deaf ears. Only in face of danger are warnings apt to be heeded. The iron must be struck while hot. My little book, *Main Street and Wall Street*, in 1926 drew attention to certain disturbing developments attendant upon prosperity. Some positive gains resulted therefrom. But the full fruition of unbridled license has only recently been brought to light. Kreuger and Toll, the Bank of United States, Gillette Razor, and, to cap the climax, the Insull public utility collapse, have thrown a new flood of light upon corporate management. I would not unnecessarily alarm. There is yet time, owing to the inherent soundness and the lusty vigor of this great public industry, to close the door against certain indirect practices. But it is high time that those who have the public welfare at heart should look alive. Encouragement of such legislation as shall guard against the recurrence of these evils becomes a matter of public duty.

It should be understood that these criticisms are neither indiscriminate nor universal. No general demoralization among the public utilities exists. These comments are applicable to those alone which are off color. The chief of this industry is honest, well-meaning, and intelligent. It has more at stake in the prevention of unsound practices than almost anybody else. Its credit, that is to say its good repute, is in question. These men, the better part, may be expected to co-operate with the savings banks and the life insurance companies in such action as shall, through disclosure of all evidences, whether of worth or of unfitness, aid in the preservation of its high estate. It is with that constructive end in view that these comments are presented.

Two basic features of public utility finance to-day, generally considered, contrast sharply with those of the past. They are both utterly modernistic. Only in banking and among investment trusts elsewhere are these novel practices so fully developed. They are experimental, still on trial; still deserving attentive scrutiny. The first is the extraordinary development of the holding or finance corporation. The second is the complexity and elaboration of each separate financial set-up, not only of paper corporations, but of the real operating companies as well. Either of these developments, considered by itself, is liable to abuse. But in the field of public utilities, the superposition of one upon the other quadruples the menace.

Over-development of the holding company has been the focus of attack from many quarters. I have elsewhere drawn attention to the temptation it affords to "prestidigitation, double-shuffling, honeyfugling, hornswoggling, and skullduggery." But, despite this warning, the pace has been accentuated even since the publication of *Main Street and Wall Street* five years ago. Had the paper company been used with restraint, as an aid to expert management; for raising money through popular appeal; to afford insurance through spreading risk; all might have been well. But it was the possibility of resort to this device to pyramid control; to break down proper state supervision; to shut out the light of day as a check upon managements; which precipitated disaster. The Foshay fiasco, the Insull incident, and other shakiness here and there, not yet fully disclosed, are indicative of the danger.

Much of the defense of the paper corporation for purposes of finance, so carefully elaborated for years, shakes down completely with some holding companies. One of them recently reported to me, "the whole theory of our financing . . . was the reservation of subsidiary credit for times of adversity such as these." But have we not been taught that top holding companies were to be a prop and mainstay for the tender operating concerns which produce electric light or gas, as the case may be? In this particular instance, pressure, intrigue even, have been in evidence, to induce holders of mortgage bonds of operating companies to exchange them for stocks of the top finance corporation. And yet, at the very time when the child most needed its parent, with

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comfort and support from on high, we are informed that "subsidiary credit" is to be reserved as a sheet anchor for times of adversity. Small comfort, therein, for those who have given over their bonds of underlying operating companies in order to receive as a substitute the stocks of the interstate holding company!

Once the principle of the existence of a paper corporation merely to hold securities of another company is admitted, the door opens wide out to the horizon. Eight corporations piled one upon another between the consumer and ultimate control existed five years ago. Middle West Utilities was at that time sophisticated enough (just now it is in receivership, by the way); but since then, to insure Insull control with a minimum of investment, a whole nest of other paper corporations now caps the pyramid. These own and inter-own, every which way, round and about. The divorce of management from ownership becomes a twice accomplished fact. Such involved public utility structures are all too frequent. Among railroads, in the good old days, two generations of corporations were not uncommon. But the juniors were more or less sterilized offspring. Nowadays, whether in the Van Sweringen railroad group, or Associated Gas and Electric, for example, you have an appalling congeries of promiscuous and incestuous progeny. Only in the moribund family of Kreuger and Toll is there such collateral and indiscriminate intercourse.

Securities issued by these paper corporations are being sold as plain bonds. But a bond is evidence of a loan secured by a lien upon real property. Of what do the possessions of these paper corporations consist? They own nothing substantial, except possibly a desk, a chair, and a few ledgers. Their possessions are merely stocks and bonds. Any securities which they may put forth are therefore based upon the deposit of other securities. In short, they are not plain bonds but collateral issues. They are exactly as good as and no better than the securities which they own. Their income is entirely conditioned upon the receipt of dividends or interest from their portfolios. If they hold stocks predominantly, they boast of the strength but also suffer every weakness of stocks, common or preferred.

And of course one objection to this arrangement is the premium placed upon continued dividends from operating companies, in order to meet the regular fixed charges of the holding corporation. This in itself is a matter of the utmost importance. It affects the policy of upkeep and of service to the public. An independent operating concern is under no such stress to continue its dividends overlong. It may shorten sail in any squall. But the subsidiary operating company is always open to pressure from above, whenever the top corporation has bonds outstanding which entail a fixed charge.

The president of an important eastern holding company well stated this situation recently in an announcement of cessation of dividends. "Early in the year it was believed that such a rate of reduction (by an operating company) could be maintained throughout the year, and at the same time pay common stock dividends to the New England Public Service Company, sufficient to enable that company in turn to pay dividends on all classes of its preferred stock." Thus did those who thought they had a preference discover that their footing was only upon the shifting sands of common stocks of operating companies.

Shift, shuffle, and barter — borrowing from Peter to pay Paul — that is what comes next, when once a great family of interlocking corporations is substituted for a simple set-up. The best companies, of plain structure, are of course free of such abuse. But most striking examples of the bleeding of one healthy operating company to support either a weak sister or a degenerate parent are at hand. A recent case before the Vermont Public Service Commission, that of the Green Mountain Power Company, exemplifies this danger. This little operating concern proposed a bond issue, asking permission therefor; but upon examination it appeared that the entire proceeds were to be immediately diverted — even, as I remember, the transfer on the ledger having already been made — to another corporation which was in need of funds. So desperate, in fact, was its plight that upon denial of this relief, the property was sold to a rival holding company.

Just recently, the Staten Island Edison Corporation tried to issue $8,500,000 of mortgage gold bonds. Were the proceeds of this to be devoted to the local enterprise on Staten Island? Far from it! For upon examination, by the New York Public Service Commission, it

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appeared that the moneys were to be used to pay off notes, issued for 364 days — one and one-quarter days longer would have required governmental approval. And the proceeds of these notes had already been used for the acquisition and accrued interest of gold bonds of Associated Electric Company, a holding corporation higher up in the same group.

It is such monstrosities as these, reversing the meet relationship between finance companies and operating concerns, which only need to be understood to be whole-heartedly condemned. Thus does the holding company become merely a vampire to draw away the life blood from the operating concerns upon which the public immediately depends for service at fair rates.

Confusion of public utility and private enterprise is facilitated by resort to this principle of inter-corporate investment. The most striking instance is afforded by the Cities Service System. Approximately half the earnings of this concern, advertised as owned by over a million people, is derived from one of the most speculative private businesses known, drilling for oil, refining, and distributing it. Last year, for example, the public utility half of the concern seems to have prospered; but the collapse of the oil business dragged everything else down. Middle West Utilities, through subsidiaries, has invested large sums in New England textile factories and news print pulp mills.

All sorts of examples might be given. Public utility companies, as such, theoretically subject to government regulation, have no right to engage in such private enterprises. They are supposedly quasi-public corporations, accepting regulation as the price of protected monopoly. There is no warrant for entangling them inextricably with private, competitive, and highly speculative businesses. But, as it is, they may be tied in throughout by this device of inter-corporate ownership.

Fortunately the more deserving managements recognize the need for simplification of corporate structure. Standard Gas and Electric has just announced the elimination last year of many superfluous corporations from its hierarchy. The reorganization of Empire Public Service provides for the determination of a number of underlying holding companies. Such developments are all to the good. Unfortunately in other quarters, there is no sign whatsoever either of corporate parricide or of birth control.

Thus, as I contend, is the interest of the sound and conservative managements in the public utility field tied up neck and heels, so far as good repute is concerned, to corporate miscreancy. Can an industry thus constituted ever hope to police itself? And yet its fair name and credit stands or falls, broadly considered, according as such acts are committed or are headed off. That is one of the main arguments, it seems to me, for the good of the industry as a whole, that the power of the state shall be invoked to keep everything sweet and clean.

A Financial Labyrinth

The second unfavorable tendency of public utility finance is undue complexity of financial set-up. It is bad enough that a nest of paper corporate vermin should intercoil without let or hindrance of decency. But, to make a bad matter worse, some of these companies indulge in an elaboration of securities utterly without precedent. One of them has almost thirty different layers from first mortgage bonds on the ground floor to stock purchase warrants in the attic. The ingenuity displayed in the evolution of railroad mortgages, so aptly described by Lyon in his *Capitalization*, seems demurely Victorian by comparison. Extreme examples illustrate possibilities. All sorts and conditions of preferred, prior preferred, and preference stocks, with all sorts of alphabetical labels as to the rate of interest or convertibility, and with every conceivable contingent priority, are heaped upon one another. The senses fail in depicting the consequent involvement. It is enough to make the mouth of a Philadelphia lawyer water.

When is a bond not a bond under these circumstances; or when, if you please, is a debenture or a preferred stock no better than it ought to be — and perhaps far less than it purports to be? Any senior obligation of a holding company is such only in name. Its funded debt is supported only by the dividends and stocks of operating companies which it owns. Such a bond may be well known only by the company it keeps. It has already been noted that Associated Gas and Electric, with a numerous family of corporations, amazingly complex in its set-up, recently proposed an issue of $40,000,000. These "Baby Bonds"

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were so-called because emitted in ten dollar denominations, for wide popular distribution. They were advertised to "rank ahead of debt and other securities . . . upon which the amount paid in is nearly $650,000,000." Moreover they were to be "guaranteed" by Associated Gas and Electric Corporation. This was a 100 per cent owned subsidiary, which acted as a duct through which the underlying operating companies fed revenue into the holding company at the top. Because of legal complications, or for other reasons, this offer was precipitately withdrawn.

Now notice what happened! And this statement is made without prejudice, merely to illustrate the sort of thing which may take place under present-day conditions. Within a few days, a new issue, neither "Baby Bonds" nor "guaranteed," was substituted. But this new proffer was now made, not by the top "Company," but by the wholly-owned "Corporation." Wherein does this arrangement differ from the former one? To all *economic* intents and purposes, the two corporations are indistinguishable; since one owns all the stock of the other. But by climbing a step down the corporate genealogical tree, nearer the roots — which of course are the operating companies — these new bonds continue to stand ahead of even the senior securities of the top holding company. And officially they are offered as "Legal Investment, in the opinion of Counsel, for Life Insurance Companies in the State of New York." By this debasing engraftment, the current of available revenue is short-circuited in favor of the new issue. At the same time, of course, it is equally prejudicial to the other outstanding securities of the top company, for both of them derive their sustenance from the same fixed source of revenue.

Suppose it be said that the proceeds of this second bond issue will so strengthen the entire outfit — paying off bank loans, "and for other corporate purposes" — that it can bear the added burden; and that therefore the creditors of the top company are no worse off than they were before! This impinges upon the fundamental question of the right of an existing stock or bond issue not to be set back down the line by the creation of a new security ahead of it. Herein lies a grave danger. The prodigal grant of power to managements by subservient charter-mongering states, thus insinuating new issues ahead of those already outstanding, has not yet become matter of common knowledge. It used to require consent of those affected thereby. Little by little this right of priority — Negative Pledge clause, they call it — has been whittled down; until even notice may not now be required.

There is another danger, most strikingly disclosed in the recent Kreuger and Toll scandal, which is applicable to these securities of paper corporations, whether bonds or stocks. What guaranty is there that the portfolio — sole source of income to the top company — may not be manipulated unfavorably? Inferior securities may be substituted for sound ones as in the Swedish affair. This also happened with collateral trust bonds of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Corporation. Whole companies may be abstracted from portfolios, as is alleged of General Gas and Electric, leaving but an empty husk of earning power. Such occurrences have induced the New York Stock Exchange to make a strict rule as to such substitutions of collateral without immediate notice.

But the worst offenders among utilities are those which have either not listed at all, or else, as in one case, have persuaded holders of listed securities to accept unlisted ones in exchange therefor. A neglect of proper responsibility by the trustees of mortgages is also a matter of current criticism, even among experts. This has become particularly scandalous in the case of real estate bonds. Too often the receipt of the annual stipend for service is the only evidence of agency which the trustee affords. And this menace is, of course, most noticeable with those great utility holding companies which have for one reason or another cut loose from all participation or sponsorship by established banking houses or fiduciary institutions.

What sort of audit prevails for accounts like these? Here again the greatest divergence obtains. Many conform to the requirements of the highest type in order that the books shall be subjected to a thoroughgoing scrutiny. But, alas, there are those which, while having a certification by well-known accounting firms to the effect that to the best of their knowledge and belief things are as represented, and all addition and subtraction arithmetically perfect, to the end that balance sheets balance (as of course any well-behaved one should) and

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income accounts foot up exactly, actually undergo no economic or business scrutiny whatsoever. What about those audits of the Portsmouth and Derry companies, now before the New Hampshire Supreme Court? Technical perfection in auditing was in charge of H. C. Hopson and Company, "chartered accountants" of New York. Was it coincidence that the corporate Treasurer bearing the same name holds in the hollow of his hand the voting stock which controls the cap-corporation of the entire system? Nor is this a lone instance of conditions which ought not to be permitted to exist. The brief for the State in these New Hampshire cases is enough to persuade any fair-minded critic of the need for vigilance and protection somewhere, and that promptly.

Let's See the Ledgers

Prospective purchasers of public utility or other stocks and bonds should understand that a goodly measure of financing of doubtful character is the direct outcome of high-pressure salesmanship and of mass distribution of securities. Other things equal, beware of the offerings of those great sales organizations which bear a great overhead expense due to showy offices, prodigal advertising, and an army of salaried drummers. Our great industries, with huge investments in automatic machinery, are finding these days, to their dismay, that interest charges, maintenance, and depreciation go on unceasingly, whether the plant is operated or not. There is an irresistible temptation to operate even below cost, rather than to lie idle. The same thing is true in peddling securities. These great organizations, staggering under their overhead, must of necessity keep up a steady flow of stocks and bonds into the hands of the public. They vie with one another, therefore, in the purchase of properties as well as in the invention of ways and means of raising money. Such competition inevitably foments deterioration in the quality of the securities offered.

No formula can be devised which shall afford guaranty of the quality of the goods to be offered. Determination must take into account all of the relevant facts. The existence of these great sales organizations, whether of independent issuing houses or of the public utility financing corporations themselves, has tended to break down the standards which ought to obtain. And it is peculiarly in the present stage of experiment and of pioneering that the invitation to such degradation is most alluring.

The whole problem of overcapitalization, in its relation to reasonable rates, is important. The Federal Trade Commission has unearthed a too-common practice of writing up the value of assets upon the books. The object, of course, is that the rate basis for calculation of earnings may be rendered more ample. An outstanding instance is afforded by Electric Bond and Share. Its many owners have the same right, which the consumers of its products have, to intimate knowledge of the manner in which its books of account are kept. Its defiance of governmental authority in the Federal Trade examination would, in and of itself, warrant enactment of a statute to open up these books and files, even as those of banks and railroads are now rendered transparent. The inter-relation between fair charges to the consumer and prudent commitment by those who contribute their savings through investment is indisputable. And the manifest advantage of direct comparability, through uniform sets of accounts, is as great to the consumer as to the prospective investor. Such comparability affords one of the surest checks upon both fairness of rates and efficiency of management.

One might dwell upon the political aspect of this question; and particularly as to its bearing upon the choice between federal and state control. In this respect, our railroad experience is illuminating. There is much to be learned therefrom. It is already matter of record that the public utilities have shared in a deplorable propaganda of one sort and another, and that they have not abstained from direct intervention in state politics. Gruening in his *The Public Pays* recites this tale. The railroads formerly did the same thing. But they found in time that the harassment of conflicting state supervisions become intolerable. They also learned that political corruption inevitably comes home to roost.

This has a direct bearing upon the proposal for federal publicity of accounts. For it was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in upholding the legislation which opened every last account and file of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1917, which banished the railroads from politics. From that

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time forth, it became too dangerous to contribute corporate funds to political campaigns. I, personally, lived through that demonstration — nay, had a minor part in it. And I affirm with the utmost confidence that putting an end to all corporate privacy among the public utilities would with equal dispatch rid us of a grave political menace. At the same time, it would accord with the ideal of the best men in the business, that they might thereafter breathe more freely and enjoy a more blameless existence than ever before. No railroad man would willingly put his head in those stocks again. Nor would this industry, once it were morally rejuvenated, tolerate a return to the old servitude.

What about the constitutionality of a federal law to require standardization and publicity of accounts, especially of these interstate corporations which tie together the local operating concerns? It has been objected that such legislation could not run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court of the United States, upon the ground that mere ownership of securities across state lines was not interstate commerce. In so far as any company actually transmitted power, electricity, gas, or water from state to state, there would seem to be no trouble about establishing jurisdiction from Washington. But these great paper corporations, whose securities are so widely held, most carefully refrain from participation in physical activities, which might be interpreted as interstate commerce. All that they do — these circumspect paper creations — is to sit tight upon their safety vault boxes in New York or Chicago, as the case may be. Therefore, whether or not prescription of public utility accounts by federal authority is constitutional remains a nice question for future determination.

Support for the view that federal supervision of accounts may be upheld quite independently of federal regulation in other respects, is, however, at hand. There is the best legal opinion that this matter of accounts might be considered by the Supreme Court as incidental and appurtenant to the undisputed right of the United States to impose income taxes upon business. Determination of the means by which such imposts shall be figured, including also information as to the original data upon which such calculation is based, is essential to exercise of this taxing power. One who is without knowledge of law may well venture the affirmation, therefore, that such reasoning constitutes an unanswerable argument in favor of constitutionality.

But, over and above this contention, there is yet another, which is entertained by high authority. This is to the effect that in this connection, there exists a considerable twilight zone between federal and state sovereignty. Within this zone, the states have thus far held sway only because the federal arm has not yet chosen to act. For myself, I am well content to rest the case upon the close and necessary inter-relationship between exercise of the taxing power and the right to prescribe the means by which the amount of the tax shall be determined.

The imperative need of corporate publicity, all along the line, needs no further proof at my hand. We have discussed a single industry. But the principle of standardization and publicity of accounts for all widely-owned businesses is of equal importance. It has been thus applied for many years to national banks. It should be extended to include both trust companies and investment trusts. Our railroads, quite apart from their woeful plight at present, have been purged of much speculative abuse by such standardized publicity. The chiefs of our great telephone and telegraph companies acquiesce willingly in such subjection to official scrutiny. Private agencies are powerless to enforce such practice. Neither state legislation, blue-sky laws, the New York Stock Exchange, nor the Investment Bankers' Association have been able to cope with it. Because the public utilities have deliberately elected to enlarge the theatre of their financial operations nationally, the remedy if applied at all must be by the Federal Government. To let in the light of day is the first step in any program of betterment. From microbes to morals, the truth holds good, so inimitably put in the hymn to Apollo, by one of the great English poets:

> The sun-beams are my shafts, with which I kill
> Deceit, which loves the night and fears the day.
> All men who do, or even imagine, ill
> Fly me; by the magic of my ray
> Good thoughts and open actions take new might,
> Until diminished by the reign of night.

An Answer to Professor Ripley Is Invited.

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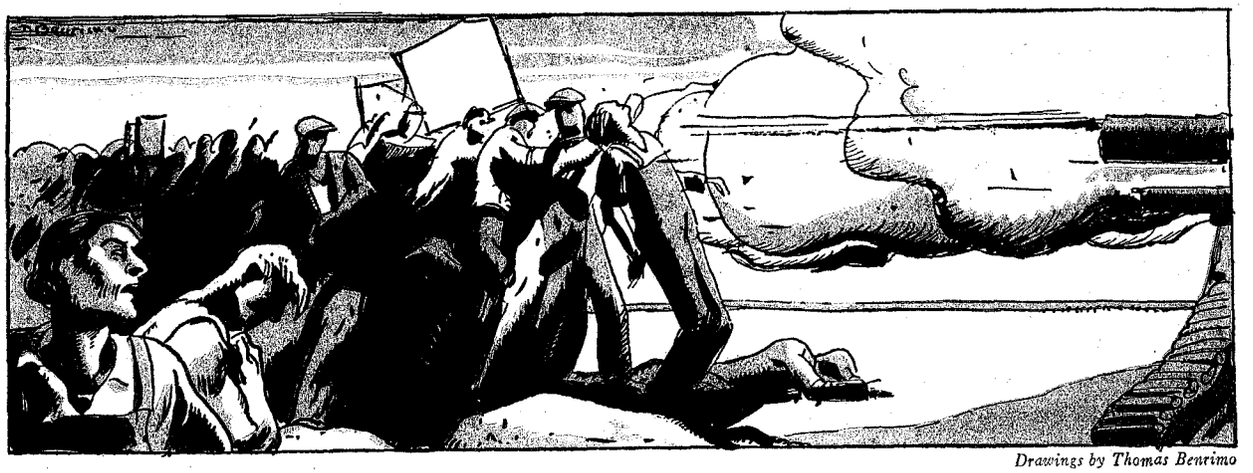

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

Relief and Revolution

***by* CHARLES R. WALKER**

A FEW weeks ago I visited the incinerator and public dump at Youngstown, Ohio. Back of the garbage house there are at least three acres of waste land, humpy with ash heaps and junk. The area is not on the outskirts but in the middle of the steel mill district with furnaces near-by, and the tube mills and factory stacks of Youngstown. The dump is a kind of valley with a railroad embankment flanking it. As you approach from the garbage house, certain excrescences compete in vision with the ash humps and junk. They appear more organized than the rest of the place, but one is not sure. When, however, you come close, there is no doubt but the dump is inhabited.

The place is indeed a shanty town, or rather a collection of shanty hamlets, for the separate blotches are not all in one place but break out at intervals from the dump. Some of them are caves with tin roofs, but all of them blend with the place, for they are constructed out of it. From 150 to 200 men live in the shanties. The place is called by its inhabitants — Hooverville.

I went forward and talked to the men; they showed me their houses. These vary greatly from mere caves covered with a piece of tin, to weather-proof shanties built of packing boxes and equipped with a stolen window-frame or an improvised door. Some have beds and one or two a kitchen stove rescued from the junk heap, though most of the men cook in communal fashion over a fire shielded by bricks in the open.

The inhabitants were not, as one might expect, outcasts or "untouchables," or even hoboes in the American sense; they were men without jobs. Life is sustained by begging, eating at the city soup kitchens, or earning a quarter by polishing an automobile — enough to bring home bacon and bread. Eating "at home" is preferred. The location of the town also has its commissary advantage; men take part of their food from the garbage house. This I entered; the stench of decaying food is appalling. Here I found that there were more women than men — gathering food for their families. In Hooverville there are no women.

This pitiable village would be of little significance if it existed only in Youngstown, but nearly every town in the United States has its shanty town for the unemployed, and the same instinct has named them all "Hooverville." The Pittsburgh unit has been taken under the wing of Father Cox — of Hunger March fame — who feeds the inhabitants at a soup kitchen in the cellar of his church, and who has supplied each shanty with a printed placard: "God Bless Our Home." The largest Hooverville in the

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United States is in St. Louis, with a hovel population of 1200. Chicago had a flourishing one, but it was felt to be an affront to municipal pride and was ordered burned. The inhabitants were summarily told to get out, and thirty minutes later the "homes" were in ashes.

In the Hooverville of Ambridge, Pennsylvania, I met a man with whom I talked a long time. He was a Slav who had come to this country thirty years ago, and who had grown sons somewhere, though he had lost touch with them. As a veteran worker, he reminisced over many jobs, skilled and unskilled, in the American mills. But he had now lost his last one. Standing in front of the huts and clasping the fist of one hand with the other, he said to me, "If you had told me when I come to this country that now I live here like dis, I shot you dead."

As late as last October when the Hoovervilles east and west were digging in for the winter, Mr. Walter Gifford, head of the President's unemployment commission, announced that the governors of the separate states were amply "able to care for their own." In November Congress upheld the President's and Mr. Gifford's hands by rejecting the LaFollette-Costigan bill authorizing government aid to states and cities. The bill provided for an appropriation of 325 millions. But as I write the *New York Times* announces that Congress has under consideration three relief bills providing for an expenditure of upward of two billions. The President has approved one of them.

This is something of a revolution. Exploring the reasons for it will be one of the purposes of this article. The basic causes I believe are simple: hunger and fear; hunger on the part of the unemployed and fear on the part of the government.

Relief or Riots

Last winter in the city of Chicago 624,000 normally employed men and women were out of a job. The city took action. In accordance with Mr. Gifford's advice adopted generally throughout the United States, a drive for private funds was initiated. A relief fund of ten and one-half millions was collected. This seemed like a large sum. However, divided among the 100,000 families — besides many single individuals — all dependent upon it, each family got about twenty dollars a month. The fund was collected in the early fall. But the dependency curve mounted steadily; 20,000 new applicants turned up in November alone. By January it was apparent that the fund was on the point of exhaustion and on January 23 the Chicago *News* published the following editorial on its front page:

> The last dollar of the Ten Million Dollar Emergency Fund will be gone by February 1. . . .
>
> That means that —
>
> Four hundred and eighty thousand human souls, men, women, and children, now dependent upon emergency relief funds for food to keep them alive, are just eight days from starvation!
>
> Unless prompt and drastic action is taken to enable relief work to go on without interruption, the streets of Chicago will be filled with hungry people. And stark hunger brushes aside like flimsy the ordinary safeguards of society. You can bring in soldiers to keep order, but soldiers bring with them bullets, not bread. The cost of supplying the necessities of life to those who are destitute and dependent upon their more fortunate brothers for the sustenance which will maintain life would be a mere fraction of the cost of twenty-four hours of hunger-driven disorder.

The editorial was a sensation, but so was the situation. No one in touch with the emergency felt it to be an overstatement.

A campaign was hastily organized for an appropriation of $20,000,000 by the state legislature. The humanitarian motive of feeding women and starving children was dwelt upon, but in addition a frank appeal to class fear was made. Mayor Cermak pleaded: "This is civic fire insurance. Communist organizers are not new in our city. We have had them in times of plenty. But now they find men more ready to listen to them. I say to the men who may object to this public relief because it will add to the tax burden on their property, that they should be glad to pay it, for it is the best way of insuring that they keep that property."

Many Senators who spoke in favor of the measure asserted they did not dare to return to their constituencies to face the possibility of Red riots if the bill was not passed.

On February 4, about twenty thousand of the ragged and hungry led by Communists demonstrated on the streets of Chicago for immediate relief and unemployment insurance.

A few days later the legislature voted $20,000,000 in relief, $12,000,000 of which was allocated to Cook County — that is, to the city of Chicago.

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DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

Two weeks ago I talked with Mr. Reynolds, head of the Illinois State Relief Commission, who had full charge of the subsequent expenditure of that $12,000,000. I asked him what was the present situation. He showed me the figures of the Commission, which as far as I could judge indicated a highly thrifty and careful disbursement of the funds. But the whole sum, he added, would again be totally exhausted by July 25, and the public charity drive would not start before fall. "What will you do?" I asked. "We will demand another $20,000,000 from the legislature," he answered. "If we don't get it, we must turn to the Federal Government. If we continue to get more and more cases, as I believe we shall, we'll have to turn to the Federal Government anyway, whether the legislature acts or not."

The emergency in the city of Chicago is of course not isolated. Political corruption in Chicago has notoriously added to her difficulties but anyone remotely in touch with municipal finance knows how far many of our other cities have advanced along the road of bankruptcy. In no instance has private charity been able to carry the relief burden alone, and the cities have turned either to loans or taxation. But the pinch has been that as tax receipts faded away, the burden of relief mounted. On top of everything borrowing was made difficult if not impossible by a collapse of the city's credit. Detroit's is a case tragically in point. The winter before last the city went deeply into debt and spent in relief $22,000,000. (Detroit has the largest proportion of unemployed of any American city.) This last year the bankers issued an ultimatum holding the city to an expenditure of *eight million* for the winter. The toll of human suffering involved in this economy is quite beyond my powers of imagination, since the depression in Detroit is far worse this year than last.

To many these round millions seem like very large sums to pour into any relief project. But it is necessary to consider the size of the hole they are designed to fill. Manufacturing pay rolls in Chicago are some 10% below September, 1929, constituting a loss of well over $3,000,000 *a day* in wages. The sum administered for relief is about $2,000,000 a month. New York, Philadelphia, and other cities face comparable emergencies this summer.

The collapse of local relief is of course but one reflection of the deepening crisis. The net income of 550 of the largest industrial corporations in the United States in 1929 was $3,500,000,000; their net income in 1931 was approximately $1,100,000,000. There has been a steady decline from this figure in 1932. The wage and salary loss since 1928 is in the neighborhood of $20,000,000,000.

THE MAN WITH A JOB

THIS article, however, does not propose a statistical summary — or an economic one — of the depression. Such studies are available in financial journals and the government's reports. I am interested rather in the effects of the depression on individuals and groups, their human experience with it, and their changing social and political outlook. What is the attitude of the ordinary man who has been out of a job for a year and a half or is now working but ten days a month? What does he think of business and government and of himself? To make this study I have talked with bankers and business men, laborers on the job and off, housewives, miners organized and unorganized, steel workers, makers of electrical refrigerators and automobiles, with captains of industry, and with Communists. In general, however, I have devoted myself to those elements of our population who are least articulate in radio and newspaper.

The effect of relief — or lack of it, when it is needed — on the American psychology is one of the central questions that has interested me. For there are at least ten millions of our citizens dependent to-day on organized public and private charity. And another group potentially as large envisage relief as imminent. The differing points of view of recipient and benefactor are in a sense a key to the present politics of the country.

I think it sensible, however, to start with the man who still has a job. "We must not be

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rushed into unwise legislation by the numbers of our unemployed, or disturbed for the safety of our institutions," preach the hardy optimists, the *Saturday Evening Post* and others. "We must always remember there are still thirty-five millions — men and women — *employed* in the United States." It is true that the employed worker deserves more attention in the general unemployment picture. And I shall try to do my bit for him.

The railroad brotherhoods estimate that every man who is still working on the railroads supports at least two others who are out of a job. And no doubt my reader — if he still has an income — can readily call to mind half a dozen individuals whom he is "helping out" this year. In other words, with all of our relief commissions, the bulk of the unemployed are still directly carried by those who work. This is important. It means that the employed worker to-day is not the same person in economic status or in psychological outlook that he was three years ago — as the *Saturday Evening Post* implies. First of all, he is compelled to divide up a drastically reduced income — and second, he is in fear of losing that. Relief workers insist to me that this is what really worries them in making up next year's relief budgets. How in the world can they anticipate how many dependents the loss of a single job may throw on the town?

Helen Hall, of the National Federation of Settlements, (Philadelphia), writes:

> A few doors from us three related families are living under one roof, depending on the wages of a woman 64. This family has never asked for assistance. Another family of eight is depending upon the wages of a 17-year-old boy. In another house a girl of 18 is supporting a family of nine, including a father and two older brothers. Another 19-year-old girl supports a family of 13 on $15 per week, a married brother and sister having come home to live. This old woman, this boy, and these girls are typical of the last line of defense. If these workers suffered illness or loss of work, the families which could have helped themselves three years ago have nowhere to turn but to the community for help.

The second point to be made in discussing the present status of the employed worker is the destruction of his standard of living through reductions in pay and time. Open wage cuts in the United States since 1929 have averaged about 23 per cent. In as much as the cost of living has gone down 25 to 30% in the same period this should have been absorbed. But it's no use telling a skilled mechanic who is still getting 80 cents an hour for sixteen hours a week that he's prosperous. *Wages* — not wage scales pay the rent.

And of course the skilled mechanic with his sixteen hours is a lucky exception. In the steel towns the practice is general of keeping nearly everybody on the rolls but of giving them only three days to a week's work every couple of months. In coal mining, both anthracite and bituminous, the reduction in work-time is notorious, many mines giving thirty to sixty days of work a year. In industrial towns a man who is still on the company pay roll with his five or six days a month or less of work is ineligible for city relief. He may be making fifteen dollars pay a month, while the totally unemployed are having their rent paid and receiving say twenty dollars a month in groceries. The situation recalls Poor Law conditions in England of a hundred years back when a man made less by working than by going on the town, but in either case, his children went hungry. The latter extreme condition is not universal but it is widespread. On the whole I think it is fair to say that manufacturing plants still running generally operate on a two- to three-day average per week.

Secret Wage Cuts

Long before the direct wage cut policy was openly proclaimed there were in effect a host of lesser "economies" designed in their own way to retrench on the pay roll. I made something of a study of them, and they can all be summarized as "methods of cutting wages without telling the workman or the public." First of all the "speed up" or, as executives put it to me, "raising the efficiency of the personnel." This is based on the principle that if you cut a man's wages in half he will strike, but if in securing an equivalent reduction in the pay roll, you contrive to double his production by making him work twice as fast he won't know it and will remain loyal.

I will give one example from the automobile industry. I talked with a man who had worked eight years at Henry Ford's. His job was to bore holes in axles. Three years ago he did sixty parts an hour. Then came the depression with the need of cutting wages but the equal need of keeping Mr. Ford's promise to President Hoover that he would not cut. Another

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machine was moved close to the worker; the speed of both machines was slightly retarded — to an average of fifty an hour instead of sixty. "How many do you make now," I asked the workman? "I make a hundred," he replied. "I tend *both* machines." And I discovered that he receives five cents *less* an hour.

Anyone at all familiar with the "efficiency" of the Ford plant back in 1929 will realize that at sixty an hour the working man wasn't idling his day away. The speed-up — an ironic accompaniment of unemployment — means but one thing for the wage earner: it means thirty to forty per cent more vital energy expended without pay. And it means advancing the retiring age for men on repetitive operation to around thirty-five and forty. Because only youth can stand the gaff.

But there is in addition a more old-fashioned "economy" — the simple addition of working hours. This of course cuts overhead and is equivalent — on a day-rate basis — to a wage cut in proportion to the hours added without remuneration. Most coal mines, I find, though working only a few days a month have lengthened the working day to twelve hours. And I was surprised to find one huge electrical refrigerator and radio plant in Chicago demanding twelve and thirteen hours of men and women workers. They also worked Sundays. The cushion and body upholstery plants in and around Detroit demand ten, eleven, and twelve hours. Textile mills run ten to twelve.

Other useful "economies" grow out of the technological peculiarity of the given industry. In the bituminous mines, for example, unlike the practice in 1929, there is "no pay for putting up props." The direct result of this "saving" is a sharp rise in the number of killed and injured in American mining accidents.

One is impressed by the variety and ingenuity of this year's retrenchments. I recall one from the Avella section of West Virginia. At the mine in question in normal times five men or boys were employed on the "shakers" at the tipple. The mine boss decided to economize on those wages. This was his plan. He announced that any miner whose cars showed dirty coal should be penalized by working one day on the tipple without pay. An old miner related to me the daily miracle of the Avella mine. There were always five men a day, he said, found to have dirty coal — never any more, never any less. Another saving which is practiced wherever possible is the substitution of women for men, *on the same jobs*, at a 30 to 40 per cent reduction in wages. This is common in Detroit where of course it has aggravated the problem of unemployment for heads of families.

There is no question but that it is the life and death struggle for existence which has driven many companies to these "economies" which are both humanly barbarous and socially dangerous. But once established, other companies less pinched by the crisis adopt them to increase their profits. This is the law of competition. I know of no industry where companies fight more fiercely for existence than in coal mining, and hence among the mine operators are to be found perhaps the most desperate expedients in the name of economy. I turned up a number of instances where wages had been stopped entirely, and the miners were given food in lieu of them. I am not referring to the scrip system, which is a substitution for money and which itself is illegal, but to payment in kind only. There was one mine in Pennsylvania which worked under this system for six months and then struck. In presenting their demands to the management the miners asserted their position in no way differed from that of slaves. The strike demand was for "payment in United States currency."

The above example is rare among industrial workers (there is, of course, actual peonage among Negro share croppers in the South) but the other abuses are common and, one might say, "respectable." To them must be added the policy of suppressing protest, whether that protest is individual or collective. Joining a union, or a grievance committee, or a Red

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parade to protest against such "economies" is a sure way to join the unemployed.

Unrest Among the Employed

I have assembled these factors out of my notebooks, on the status of the *employed* worker because they are all related to the *unemployment* problem. And I am convinced that as far as bitterness goes, the iron hand of the crisis has built up as much unrest within the factory as without. The difference is that nobody hears about it. The man inside submits because the man outside wants to get in. I discussed this matter with a vice-president of one of the largest packing houses in the world. "We have given up bonus systems in our plant," he said to me. "We don't need them any more. Why? Our foremen have learned to get work out of the men. And the men are doing twice the work they did two years back. They know there are a dozen unemployed for every job who would be glad to step right in. So they value their jobs."

Yes, they value their jobs — but there is a point at which even a job isn't worth the cost of holding it. A few weeks ago the Packing House Industrial Union in Chicago tried an experiment. It called on the packing house workers to meet and march, which they did in very orderly fashion, to the offices of the packers to present certain demands. The demands included such points as a slowing down of the speed-up, and two rest periods of fifteen minutes each, one in the morning and one in the afternoon; equal pay for the same work, whether that work was performed by Negro workmen or by women or by the young. The more extreme demands included the right to organize; abolition of the company police and spy system, and unemployment insurance at the full rate of wages. The leaders expected a turn-out of four or five hundred men. Actually ten thousand workers, men and women, turned up, elected their own committee, and presented the demands to representatives of the five great packing houses in Chicago.

The ten thousand Ford workers who marched to Dearborn to present certain definite grievances to Henry Ford, and were shot down by the police of Dearborn, is another case in point. Both of these, it is important to note, were not just "parades of radicals on May Day," for most of the marchers were unorganized workmen. They were groups of ordinary Americans going with committees and spokesmen to demand redress of grievances.

What is the net political effect of these conditions flowing out of the crisis on the *employed* American workers? To date for the majority no clear political and industrial philosophy has accrued from it. There has come out of it, though, widespread disillusionment with the American set-up, fierce resentment at being taken advantage of, and a constant fear of starvation for themselves and those dependent upon them. The points which the worker would like to talk about are not — to date — Communism, but deep personal grievances which gall him daily. Of these not the least is a sense of helplessness in making his demands known. The argument of those in power is that if meetings, unions, and demonstrations were permitted, the individual grievances might be generalized into a tide of insurrection that would sweep our institutions away. Hence, for example, the steel companies in preparation for their last retrenchment, the twenty per cent wage "adjustment" of May 15, first equipped a number of the larger mills with machine guns.

In spite of the odds against the *employed* working man and woman, I think we may look for increasing outbursts this winter, expressed in spontaneous unions, demonstrations, marches, and strikes. And unless I underestimate the wisdom of our company superintendents, we may anticipate that most of them will be met by tear gas and bullets.

These methods of course will not succeed. Individual hunger marches and specific unions will be broken by bullets and bloodshed, or driven underground, but the movement will grow. This is the lesson of history. The methods of terror, "legal" or illegal, employed by the coal operators of Kentucky against their starving miners have vastly strengthened the Communist party in that state. The shooting by the police of the Ford hunger marchers mobilized in a few hours the sympathy of working men throughout the United States. There is hardly reason to expect a diminution of these phenomena next winter.

Next Month Mr. Walker Will Tell of His Investigations among the Unemployed.

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Birth Selection *vs.* Birth Control

by **HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN**

For the time at least, I am very doubtful about birth control. In fact, on eugenic as well as on evolutionary lines I am strongly opposed to many directions which the birth control movement is taking, chiefly because I believe them to be fundamentally unnatural and hence destined sooner or later to fail of their original more or less benevolent purposes.

On the other hand, I am a strong advocate of birth selection as consistent with the whole previous order of nature including the evolution of man up to the time when our so-called civilization began to interfere not only with human mating and reproduction but with natural laws and principles of every kind.

Birth selection is the cardinal principle of the whole eugenic movement as first propounded by the great biologist Francis Galton, which he defined in 1884 as follows: "Eugenics is the study of agencies under social control which may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally." Birth selection is directly in the order of the Darwin-Spencer law of the survival of the fittest. On the contrary, birth control, primarily designed to prevent the overpopulation of the unfittest or dysgenic, may prove to be a two edged sword eliminating alike the fittest and the unfittest. Whatever its benefits in limiting the unfittest, birth control is always in danger still more of limiting the fittest and thus becoming positively dysgenic or against the interests of the race as a whole in which it is practiced. I have in mind the French, among whom birth-control has been practiced in the upper classes for centuries, with disastrous racial results.

Birth selection as conceived by Galton would be an ameliorative, curative, and positive force in the advancement of mankind and the uplifting of society as a whole by improving human quality as distinguished from quantity. It aids and encourages the survival and multiplication of the fittest; it checks and discourages the multiplication of the unfittest. As to the latter, in the United States alone it is recently estimated that there are 28,000,000 people who are acting as dragnets or sheet-anchors on the progress of the ship of state. Some radicals propose that they should all be sterilized so as to inhibit the multiplication of their kind. This would be one of the negative methods of birth selection.

In brief, birth selection is known as positive eugenics, of which eugenically administered birth control is only a subsidiary negative principle. My doubts about the present propaganda and purpose of the birth control movement are that they are so largely negative and death-dealing rather than positive and birth-encouraging. Only by some wise and selective means of limiting the number of births can the world find a solution for its disturbed economics. I return from a tour around the world more impressed than ever with the principle of "not more but better and finer representatives of every race." I hold that true for America as well as for foreign stocks.

Wanted—a Selective Curb on Population

Let us test the contrasts between birth selection and birth control by applying them to the present world-wide problems of over-population and under-employment.

I by no means profess to be an expert eugenist. I think, I write, I speak, rather as a trained and experienced observer of animal and of human evolution and I bring to bear upon this problem my own original researches and observations on the intelligence and behavior of man. Altogether, and in lucid intervals be-

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tween other more immediately pressing researches, I have been directly or indirectly studying human evolution, individual, racial, and creative, since the year 1880.

Within the present year, however, my thoughts have been forced to take an entirely new trend, namely, the bearing upon human evolution and human progress of the present wholly unanticipated conditions of human life and environment subsequent to the World War. I am deeply impressed with the practical unity of all world problems — sociological, economic, educational, and religious. My world tour began in the Polynesian and Melanesian islands, where certain isolated communities are to be found still untouched or unmarred by civilization, with all primitive human activities still in force among the once superb and self-sufficient races of the South Sea and Cannibal Islands, such as Fiji, New Caledonia, New Guinea.

In Java I first perceived the disturbing influence of the introduction of machinery and mass production on the old uncivilized economic order. While checked by introduced diseases in the South Sea Islands, the Javanese population is mounting with alarming rapidity, having jumped from 12,000,000 to 36,000,000 in an incredibly short space of time, a naturally fertile race being protected from disease and multiplying under their original mating customs. But even in these countries, relatively immune from the dangers of civilization, we begin to observe the initial effects of world interaction.

The pristine isolation which enabled every country to pursue its own evolution independently of all other countries, in Japan before Perry's advent, in Korea before Japan's conquest, an isolation still so sharply exemplified in the greater part of China, is all a condition of the past submerged or even banished by commercial invasion, by military conquest, by the far more potent forces of modern inventions which unify once remote and isolated countries and bring them, whether they will or no, within the barbaric or civilizing influences of the entire modern world.

The outstanding generalizations of my world tour are what may be summed up as the "six overs"; these "six overs" are, in the genetic order of cause and effect:

Over-destruction of natural resources, now actually world-wide;

Over-mechanization, in the substitution of the machine for animal and human labor, rapidly becoming world-wide;

Over-construction of warehouses, ships, railroads, wharves, and other means of transport, replacing primitive transportation;

Over-production both of the food and of the mechanical wants of mankind, chiefly during the post-war speculative period;

Over-confidence in future demand and supply, resulting in the too rapid extension of natural resources both in food and in mechanical equipment;

Over-population beyond the land areas, or the capacity of the natural and scientific resources of the world, with consequent permanent unemployment of the least fitted.

Added to these "six overs" in many, but not in all, countries there has been over-speculation and a consequent over-capitalization which places an intolerable burden of debt on individuals and communities which at the present outlook there are few means to repay. Every port I visited revealed over-population, over-production, and unemployment — whether in the South Seas or in the great cities of Europe and America. Everywhere ports were full of empty vessels. Everywhere the number of employees in all grades was being cut down, and everywhere the world's staples, even rice, stood about in quantities far exceeding the world's demand.

Certainly the fears of a contemporary of Francis Galton, namely, the great physicist Sir William Crookes, have not been realized that a time would be reached when the feeding of the rapidly increasing population of the world would be a problem of the first economic importance for which he suggested such a remedy as harnessing Niagara Falls in order to secure an adequate amount of nitrogen for the reinvigoration of depleted soils. On the contrary, modern agricultural science and invention have more than met these apparently insuperable dangers besetting certain over-populated countries, such as Java with a superabundant rice supply even for its teeming 36,000,000 — rice being produced so cheaply that it is not commercially profitable to sell it — just as wheat is being produced in America so cheaply that we have an over-supply of wheat for our 112,000,000 people. Java's over-population, therefore, can still be

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fed. But the taking up of every acre of land, even to the mountain tops, has not solved the over-crowding problem of Java, as evidenced by her endeavor to export her surplus of people to other less populated islands.

In the coming International Eugenics Con gress (which meets in New York this August) we shall consider over-population from the double standpoint of birth selection and of birth control. Is over-population a real problem or only another of the many imaginary dangers besetting mankind? Even the lives sacrificed in the World War, apart from the ethical and intellectual problems of human advancement, are entirely negligible compared with the natural increase of mankind, when no longer checked by disease, by infant mortality, and by internecine wars. The International Statistical Institute estimates that the world added 125,555,000 to its total population in the years 1920–1928.

The Spread of Birth Control

The birth control people are on strong theoretic but not practical grounds as regards the mechanical prevention of over-population in civilized countries, but in half-civilized or uncivilized countries their principles have already been anticipated by more or less barbaric, cruel, or inhuman measures, such as the killing of female children by the Chinese.

Birth control has become a national and, in a measure, an international movement. The country which has birth control in its most radical form is Russia, where it is connected with a great deal of sexual promiscuity. There the state is coming to the aid of young women with whom contraceptive methods have miscarried. Birth control has been welcomed by radicals in several countries, especially in England, as an opening means whereby the two sexes will be placed on the same level of sexual freedom.

One eminent American eugenist who attended the birth control congress in London last year, although a medical man accustomed to looking such matters in the face, was so shocked by what he heard and saw that he retired on the second day, and has since written a very able paper against birth control as now practiced. He found that birth control, while not materially affecting the more ignorant and less desirable classes, diminishes births among superior individuals and families. Let us therefore consider birth control as one of the more or less radical departures from fundamental principles of our present social structure, not only in the religious but the ethical and moral fields.

More or less sincere advocates of contraception claim that it is one of the greatest social discoveries ever made by man, an ideal method of controling over-population, a promising agency of social regeneration, and that it goes further than any previous social measure in the emancipation of womenkind.* Directly bearing upon the purposes of the coming International Eugenic Congress is the claim that contraception is wholly eugenic. A considerable section of the public has thereby been persuaded that contraception and eugenics are identical and that in general birth control has a eugenic endorsement. The fact that the subject of birth control was not admitted to the two previous international congresses on the ground that it had not yet met the full tests of scientific inquiry is sufficient answer to the most extravagant of these claims. The fact that birth control is being indirectly considered in the present Eugenic Congress embodies the admission that eugenists must now take their part in a more or less world-wide inquiry and inductive testing of claims which thus far have been largely theoretical or hypothetical.

First, it must be clearly understood that we eugenists are chiefly concerned with birth selection measures which go to improve the general physical, moral, and intellectual qualities of mankind, while measures which are designed to serve personal, individual ends and more or less temporary social demands are outside our province. Positive eugenics strives to improve racial quality on the one hand by *increasing* breeding and offspring among the eugenic element, and on the other negative eugenics, by *diminishing* breeding and offspring among the dysgenic element.

The eugenic element of the population includes that portion which is able to exert the greater amount of physical and mental energy, by so doing the better to pull its own weight

*This paragraph, and parts of the succeeding discussion, are quoted or expanded from a paper by Dr. C. G. Campbell, "'Birth Control' and Its Implications," published in altered form as "The Bio-Social Implications of Contraception," Proceedings of the Second International Congress for Sex Research, 1930.

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in the social group, and through a superior moral, temperamental, and intellectual endowment to make the greater contribution to the understanding of human life conditions, to cultural progress, and to general racial improvement. It would be a mistake, however, to regard this element as confined to a narrow class of intellectual superiority, fully granting this class to be highly essential. Many diverse abilities and aptitudes are required for the consistent and balanced development of humanity. In short, the eugenic element of the population may be defined as that portion of existent humanity which is competent to produce the best resultant evolution of the species. Let us try to see how far birth control by contraception or other means serves these ends.

By unimpeachable statistics it has been found that two-children families are quite inadequate, three-children families fall short, and that an average of four-children families is essential to secure the perpetuation of a desirable family strain. Contraceptionists, who are apparently devoting their chief propaganda to the restriction of births, are more or less unsympathetic to proposals on behalf of "positive eugenics" which would tend to *increase* breeding in the desirable racial element. As to this crucial point, we do *not* discover that the birth control advocates have ever proclaimed four-children families among the desirable population as an article of their creed. It is to be noted at once that contraception does not promise to increase the proportionate breeding in the racially desirable element of humanity to the four-children standard.

On the contrary certain proponents of birth-control are now compelled to admit that contraception has gone to diminish such breeding. In other words, *birth-control* — as distinguished from *birth selection*, the dynamic plank in Galton's eugenic platform — must thus far be classed among the neutral if not among the adverse influences of racial betterment. As observed by Campbell, "The investigations of Dr. Himes into the results of contraceptive instruction in England wholly confirms this inference. The dysgenic element can be led to water but it cannot be counted upon to drink. Hence as between eugenic and dysgenic results, the present unfavorable balance against contraception has small prospect of being changed into a favorable balance by the universal access to contraceptive information. In other words, contraception promises, in the future as in the past, to prevent more eugenic births than dysgenic births."

As regards the limiting of population in the over-crowded communities of Europe, the birth-control propagandists advocate contraception on the one hand as indirectly eugenic by the reduction of offspring among the undesirable element. According to Dr. Louis I. Dublin, this need not apply to the United States. As quoted by Campbell, Dublin "has lately made a most thorough and painstaking estimate of population trends in the United States, and, not allowing for the further success of contraceptionists, he reaches the conclusion that the birth rate and the death rate will become equal in the United States in about thirty years, after which the population will not increase. This should quiet the fears of the neo-Malthusians, and at the same time it negates the contention that the general practice of contraception is mandatory on account of the danger of over-population." (For fuller discussion, see Dr. Dublin's article, "Birth Control: What It Is Doing to America's population," FORUM, November, 1931.) Campbell further observes that "the population problem, in the United States at least, can be seen to be far more one of quality than of quantity. And if we seek to improve racial quality by the *restriction* of births, especially if such restriction seemed urgent, it should be evident that sterilization is a far more effective and dependable means of accomplishing this purpose than contraception. Hence contraception needs to find justification for itself other than on its eugenic value."

In order to promote the practice of contraception the birth control propagandists claim that their great object is to relieve women of unnecessary suffering and unnecessary burdens. Naturally this aim enlists the sympathy both of the individualists of our time who are ready to support any measure to give women greater freedom of profession and of action, as well as of the sentimentalists who do not realize that women's share in the hard struggle for the existence of the race is a very essential element in the advance of womankind. To relieve the animal or plant organism of its struggle-for-existence pressure is an extremely dangerous experiment, for it may be said with-

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out exaggeration that the struggle for existence is the *sine qua non* of every great human or animal quality. Campbell recalls the fact that "the continuance of the race and the quality of the race rests primarily with women. In short, women are more essential to racial survival than men. If, for example, half the female population were exterminated — or chose to be unproductive — the possibilities of reproduction would perforce be diminished one half; if, on the other hand, half the males were exterminated there need be no such diminution, the ovum being the indispensable factor."

Two Huxleys—a Contrast

As regards the ethical aspects of these questions, the contrast between the moral standards of Thomas Henry Huxley as seen in his *Aphorisms and Reflections* up to the year 1895, and the satirical forecast in the year 1932 of the future *Brave New World* by his distinguished grandson, Aldous Huxley, gives us a vivid realization of the moral revolution of the past forty years. Such extreme modernism is more than a revolution. It is complete extermination of one great historic and prehistoric family code based upon hundreds of thousands of years of human experience. The new code is essentially nihilistic as far as all old codes are concerned, pagan or Christian.

In young Huxley's satire extreme modernism enters the final phase of its logical consequences from which he recoils while he satirizes. *Brave New World* opens with the chemico-mechanical reproduction of children, the obsolete ideals of courtship, family, and the home being eliminated as well as all the romances and traditions adherent thereto. The elder Huxley, as I know from delightful personal acquaintance of the winter 1879–1880, was, with Charles Kingsley, one of the finest exponents of religious realism versus religious hypocrisy and sentimentalism. He admired virtue just as much as he despised cant. Of all my long and noble list of scientific acquaintances I can think of no one who would have so shuddered and revolted against the chemico-mechanical concept of future society as pictured in *Brave New World*. To the elder Huxley, Nature was the supreme court of appeal.

Indeed, I owe to Thomas Huxley the two outstanding principles of my own naturalistic philosophy: first, that nothing which is true can be harmful to the body, to the mind, or to the soul; second, that whatever is natural — that is, in the wondrous and beautiful order of nature — cannot be fraught with danger. On the contrary, whatever is unnatural may not be essentially immoral but may be fraught with hidden dangers.

"Not More, but Better Americans"

Herein lies my general purpose and standpoint with regard to the main subject of this article. Birth selection is natural; it is in the order of nature. Birth control is not natural, though undoubtedly beneficial and benevolent in its original purpose; and especially in the hands of its chief propagandist in this country, Margaret Sanger, it is fraught with danger to society at large and threatens rather than insures the upward ascent and evolution of the human race. Such ascent, it seems to me, is the greatest responsibility with which we biologists and eugenists are charged to-day.

The present-day American is now suffering from birth limitation, which is seriously threatening the best strains of old American stock. He therefore needs thoroughly to understand the principles of birth selection rather than the principles of birth control. For him the coming Third International Congress of Eugenics has a peculiar significance; but since the Congress is international it should carry an equally clear and distinctive message to each of the nations represented as well as to each of the primary races of mankind. The slogan "not more, but better Americans" should have its counterpart in every country in the world in which the rising spirit of nationalism and of an entirely natural and reasonable pride should be accompanied by the consciousness that quality rather than quantity is the essential element of progress in every country and in every race.

With such principles in mind, and with the picture of the world suffering acutely from dysgenic reproduction of the unfit, from the multiplication of the incompetent, and the alarming increase in the power of the criminal class before me, I cannot refrain from expressing my deep conviction that of all remedial and restorative agencies the well-understood and well-applied principles of birth selection advocated by Galton stand in the very front rank of progressive civilization.

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Where, O Where Are Our Leaders?

by **ALVIN F. HARLOW**

After glancing through the morning's mail, which consisted chiefly of panacea plans, demands that the government take over the rest of the machinery of civilization, and queries as to why he didn't lift a finger to end the depression or help his fellow men, the President turned to the chief occupation of his day.

"Now, let's see," said he. "Whom have I to interview this morning?"

"It looks like a quiet day," replied his secretary. "Only nineteen delegations, three Congressmen, one Senator, and four foreign diplomats and trade representatives."

"Just run through the list," said the President, closing his eyes and trying to relax.

"At 10 o'clock," began the secretary, "a group of the leading citizens of Zenithia will call to ask why racketeering is permitted to harass the citizens of so progressive and enlightened a country as this."

"Well, I'll bite," said the President. "Why is it? But why don't they ask Al Capone or their District Attorney or their Mayor or the boss of their Loose Milk Ring or their Arson Gang? Who am I that I should set myself above real experts?"

The secretary rightly ignored these purely rhetorical queries. "Next," he said, "you will see some members of the Mississippi Pecan Publicity Association, who desire your aid in popularizing the pecan. They are bringing six bushels of paper-shells, which they want you to crack with your teeth and eat while interviewing callers."

"I do like pecans," admitted the President, brightening momentarily.

"At 10:30 a delegation from the California Rapprochement of Oriental Philosophies will demand that you do something to halt British oppression in India. At 10:40 the Anti-Foreign Entanglement League is sending a committee to protest against our having an observer at Geneva or expressing an opinion on the Manchurian question — "

"Couldn't you sic those two outfits onto each other about 10:25?" asked the President, wistfully.

The secretary smiled and continued. "At 10:50 Congressman McGoslin of Illoana will call. I understand that he will ask you why you do not return to the policies of Calvin Coolidge, which brought such unparalleled prosperity to the country up to the time when you ruined it in 1929."

"If I thought," said the President, bitterly, "that Mr. Coolidge was responsible for what the Congressman calls prosperity, I'd — I'd never speak to him again!"

"At 11:10," the secretary proceeded, "the Danbury Chamber of Commerce will call in a body to protest against the present masculine tendency toward going bareheaded. They want you to lead a Back-to-the-Hat movement."

"I wear hats, don't I?" protested the Executive.

"They say you are photographed bareheaded so often that it is likely to give rise to misunderstanding. A public expression is desired from you on the subject."

"Hunh!" grunted the President.

"At 11:25 a group of citizens from Kootewiskie County, Idaho, are coming to ask why you have not intervened in their county-seat wrangle between Ketchumville and Walla Woolla."

"I hope they go to war over it!" growled the President.

"Next a committee from the National Association of Hairpin Manufacturers, who wish to enlist your aid in the movement back to long hair for women. They complain that you have done absolutely nothing for the hairpin."

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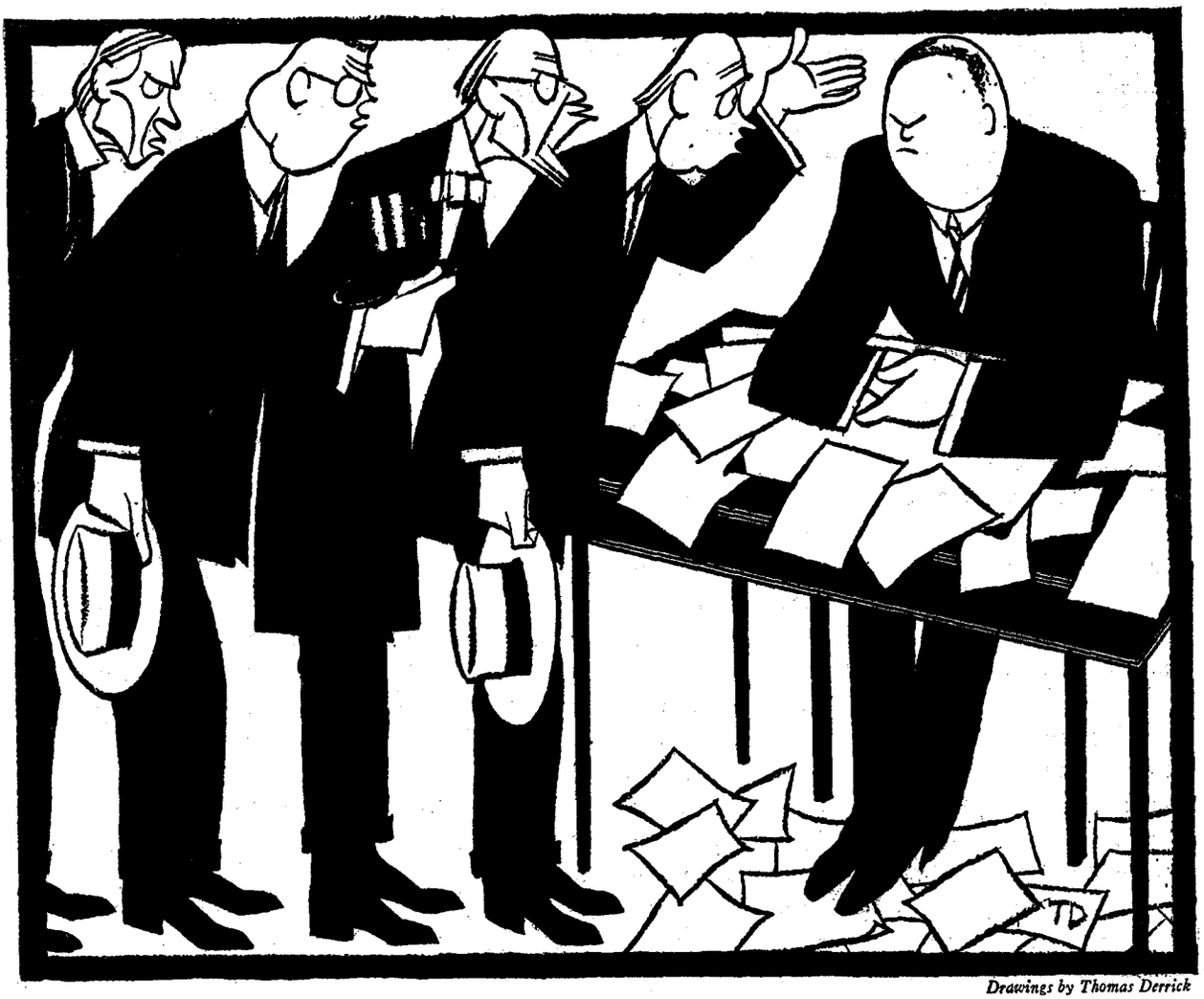

Drawings by Thomas Derrick

"What do they suggest that I do?"

"They feel that if you expressed your preference for the old-fashioned woman with waist-length hair done up in a graceful chignon or — or something, it would be of inestimable value."

The President merely glared at his assistant.

"At 11:45 a non-sectarian committee from Minnekanska will protest against the flood of obscene literature now being published and circulated. They say that these books and magazines are brought into their homes by members of their families, and they are unable to avoid reading and being corrupted by them."

"It seems evident," mused the President, "that to protect our citizens against their own libidos, we shall presently have to put an *Index Expurgatorius* into the Federal laws."

"At 11:55 a delegation from the National Legislative Improvement and Reform Alliance will call, wishing to enlist your aid in the election of more able men to Congress."

"What do they want me to do?" wondered the President. "Stuff ballot boxes?"

"They are surprised that you have not taken a firm stand on the subject," explained the secretary. "They feel that a statement from you would be of great value in crystalizing public sentiment and bringing back the old sturdy days when Congress was composed of men like Webster and Clay and Calhoun."

"And who else?" retorted the Executive. "Neither had I heard that any of our earlier Presidents had to make public exhortations to civic duty in order to get Webster and Clay and Calhoun into Congress."

"Next," continued the secretary, "you will see a committee from the Amalgamated Order of Haw-Haws, who believe that what the nation most needs in the present crisis is to laugh. Five thousand of their members will be assembled in front of the Capitol next Tuesday evening, and they want you to lead them in what is technically known as a belly-laugh for broadcasting by radio. They believe that this

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will start the nation back toward normalcy."

"And where will it start me?" queried the Chief Executive.

"There is also a delegation coming from the Law Remodeling, Enforcement, and Advisory Institute. Deploring the present lawless state of the country, they desire to obtain your approval of a series of bills which they hope to introduce into Congress."

"When they say lawless," commented the President, "they evidently mean that we haven't laws enough. I had heard somewhere that we have three or four millions of them on the statute books."

"But they are not enforced, so the Institute charges. These new bills of theirs are called Re-enforcement Laws. They are intended to force the enforcement of laws already in force."

The President held his head with his hands and muttered inarticulate sounds.

"At 12:20," said the secretary, "officials of the One Hundred Per Cent American Phalanx of He-Men will call to ask that you lead a movement back to primitive, pioneer American simplicity and ruggedness. As a beginning, they urge that you take a firm stand against the wearing of spats, and aid them in the discarding of vests during the summer months."

"Can't they leave off their vests if they want to?" demanded the Executive.

"They say that as long as you and the Prince of Wales and the New York millionaires continue to wear vests, they dare not do otherwise."

The President looked at the clock.

"There are several others yet," said the secretary, hurriedly leafing over his notes; "three delegations to demand why you do not end the depression, two others with formulas for bringing back prosperity, a committee of bridge players who want the bridge rules regulated by Act of Congress, the Brazilian trade representative, who wants you to set an example to the country by drinking more coffee and thus save the Brazilian coffee crop — "

"More coffee!" exclaimed the President. "Why, I can't sleep now! But it's ten o'clock. Better admit the first callers."

The delegation from Zenithia filed in.

"Mr. President," said the chairman, "the situation in our municipality has become intolerable. Rackets of various kinds have grown and spread until now there are no less than two hundred boss racketeers operating in Zenithia, not to mention the thousands of their underlings. The clammy, clutching hand of the system is laid upon every business and profession in our fair city. We beg your aid, sir, in throwing off this incubus and bringing back the old days of simple honesty in America, when men were men, when opportunity was open to all, with no hindrance from parasites, no manace of banditry or oppression."

"What is the population of Zenithia?" asked the President.

"Approximately two millions."

"And two hundred racketeers," commented the President, thoughtfully. "Why do you not invoke the law?"

"As an attorney of thirty years' experience, and I may modestly add, some little reputation," returned the chairman, "I can assure you, sir, that because of checks and precedents and intricacies which it would be impossible — with all due respect — to make clear to your lay mind, the law is powerless."

"Then why not reform the law?" demanded the President, the back of whose neck was turning pink.

A tinge of that scorn always felt by the legal for the lay mind was visible in the chairman's face, but remembering his situation, he checked it and replied briefly, "Impossible, sir!"

"I might further explain, sir," added the vice-chairman, "that the administration of justice in our city is, if I may so put it, somewhat outclassed, in as much as all the leading law firms have been retained by the racketeers." The chairman looked slightly self-conscious.

"Why," asked the President, whose color was steadily deepening, "do you not elect able men who can and will enforce the law?"

"The bosses won't let us," explained the chairman.

"How many big bosses are there in your town?"

"Two."

"Then why don't you dethrone the bosses?"

"They won't let us dethrone them!" said the vice-chairman, bursting into tears.

"Don't your good citizens serve on juries when these gangsters are tried?" asked the now purpling President. "Why don't you send them to jail or hang them?"

"Because," sobbed the vice-chairman, "the

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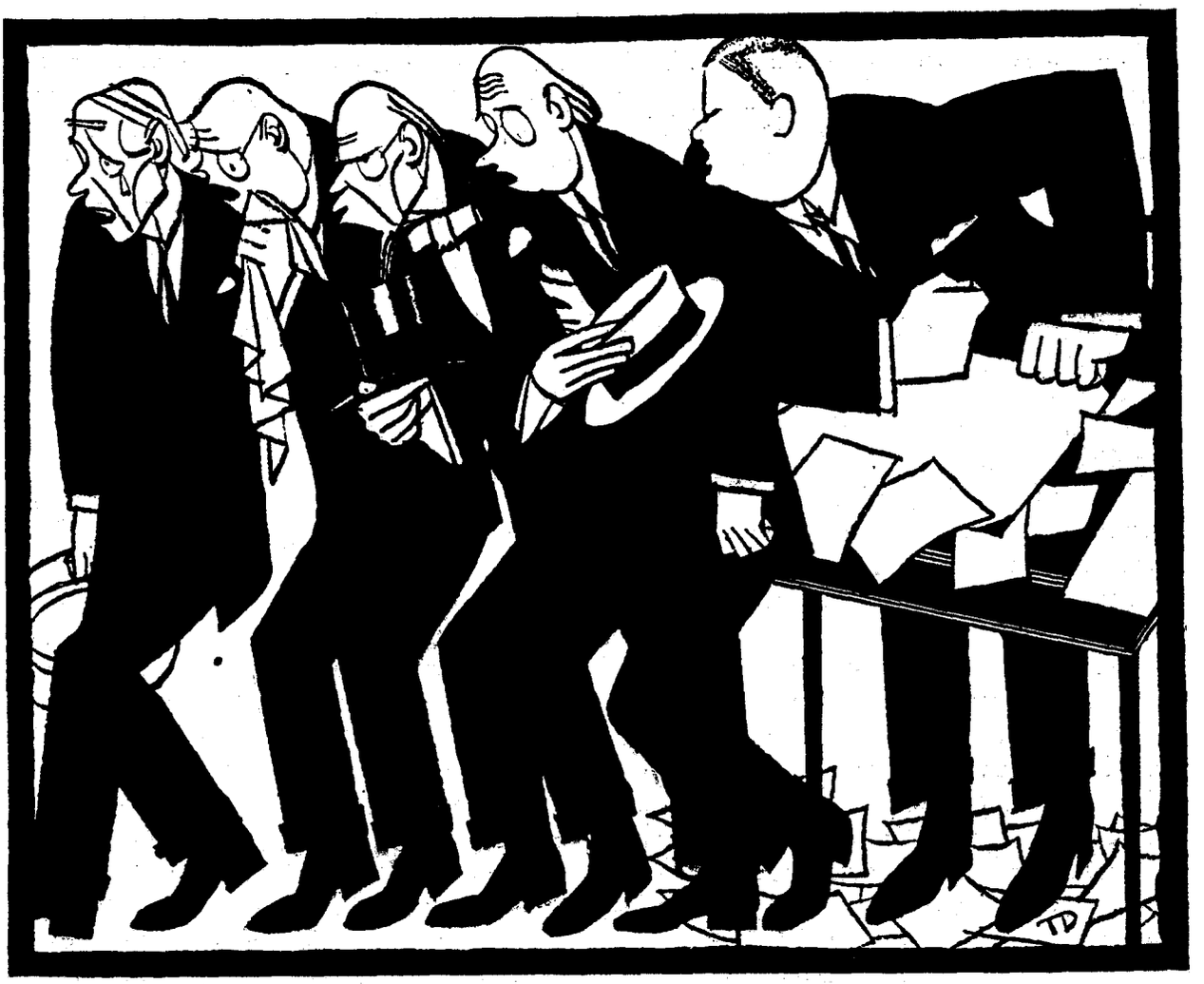

lawyers always convince us that the accused is — technically — innocent."

"Then, gentlemen," said the President, restraining his emotions by an heroic effort, "if two million people cannot overthrow two bosses and two hundred racketeers peaceably and according to the statutes made and provided, it seems to me that the only thing left for you to do is to study the methods of those pioneer Americans whom you so desire and wish to emulate. They did not let themselves be overrun by thieves and murderers. Your racketeers would not, for example, have been tolerated in California in the 1850's. Some of them would speedily be dangling at ropes' ends, and the rest would be high-tailing it across the border. Read how San Francisco cleaned herself up in 1856 and the Montana mining camps in 1864, and ponder the possible parallel.

"What we need in this country just now is not leadership so much as a few people who can do something without being led; who are unselfish and intelligent enough to strive for the common good as well as their own interest; folks who are willing to stand on their own feet and work out their own salvation; who won't run squalling to Papa if somebody makes faces at them, and who can wear lilac underwear if they like it, without a national organization and a cheer leader to back them up.

"Nothing would please me better than to help you, but I am only one citizen, and I don't even vote in Zenithia. Aside from the minor detail of my having no constitutional rights in the premises, I am very busy just now, trying to discover what policies of my predecessors brought about such unparalleled prosperity prior to 1930 that New York City was enabled to construct, on borrowed money, some thirty per cent more office and apartment buildings than she could possibly occupy. Good morning."

So the delegation went sadly away, and the newspapers of Zenithia said that the lawlessness and general muddle in which we find ourselves are due entirely to the nation's total lack of leadership.

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Better than the Bonus

Why Not Self-Liquidating Relief?

by **WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER**

IN THE EARLY months of this depression, the Government at Washington reiterated its entire faith in "rugged individualism." It frankly had no far-reaching program of its own for stopping the slump: it merely pleaded with private industrialists and private bankers to do their duty. In spite of repeated and unequivocal commitments to the contrary, the Government created no more employment on public works in the year of depression, 1930, than it created in the year of prosperity, 1928. That much advertised plan was not even tried. In fact, the Government denounced every proposal — and many of them were urged — for large-scale, federal, remedial measures. This laissez-faire policy, during the first quarter of 1930, satisfied a majority of the people. Since then, public confidence in this policy has steadily waned. At present, not even the genius of a Maude Adams would arouse any audience to enthusiasm over the Lazy Fairies. Voliva has more disciples. It is easier to believe that the earth is flat than to believe that private initiative, alone, will save us.

Every day we are told that all this country needs for economic recovery is confidence. That is not only a fact: it is the most patent fact in the whole situation. We have every material requirement for sustaining trade and employment; indeed, every material means of abolishing poverty. We have all the physical resources which we possessed in the height of our prosperity. We lack only the courage to use our resources.

The conviction has spread at last to the entire population that nothing but collective action, on a scale hitherto considered unthinkable, can save us from some kind of social revolution. Collective action means federal action. Whether we like it or not, the Federal Government is the only agency which represents all of us, and the only agency which has power enough to grapple with so huge a problem. The Government at Washington, moreover, is the chief hope of Europe. "At present," says J. L. Garvin, in the *Sunday Observer*, "there is no leadership in the world such as we ardently hoped President Hoover would provide. Unless the United States takes the lead, no one can take it."

Scarcely anybody is now left who thinks that the problem can be solved by trifling with it. That fact is the best ground for hope that has come in three years. We no longer expect to restore business by urging people who have no money to "Buy Now," or by pleading with people who do have money to stop hoarding it. We no longer expect employers, on the verge of bankruptcy, to employ more men simply because the American Legion runs around and gives advice. We are even convinced that a "Clean Up! Paint Up! Fix Up!" campaign is not quite enough. We have lost faith in all kinds of ballyhoo. We see, too, that the Five Day Week plan, and all other proposals for reducing the hours of labor, merely spread a given amount of suffering over a larger number of people. Such devices do nothing toward restoring buying power. Leisure is not legal tender.

Three hundred years ago, Aaron Hill scratched this verse on a window in Scotland:

> Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
> And it stings you for your pains,
> Grasp it like a man of mettle,
> And it soft as silk remains.

The whole country realizes, at last, that it has been stung by tender-handed methods of dealing with this depression.

The immediate question — it has become the only practical question — is what kind of new, bold, large-scale federal action shall be

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taken. There are dangers in any action; but graver dangers lurk in the violence of inaction. We have tried leaving things alone; we have tried timid, half-way measures; we have tried all the "safe" cures known to orthodox business and finance. Now we are ready to say, as Abraham Lincoln said in his Special Message to Congress in 1862:

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew."

We Must Not Look to the Bankers

Thinking anew and acting anew, we must no longer rely on the wisdom and the initiative of private bankers. Throughout the stupid Anti-Hoarding Campaign, everybody was well aware — in spite of the "Stop Hoarding" posters on the bank windows — that the bankers were the chief hoarders. Everybody is now aware that many of the banks which received federal doles for saving the country, used the doles chiefly to save themselves. In the popular imagination, there are no longer any Wizards of Finance. Bankers as a class — with exceptions noted here and there — are regarded as rather selfish and rather stupid; in any event, committed beyond hope of recall to the view that whatever is, should continue to be, and nothing much can be done about it. I am forced to this generalization after talking with men and women, from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California, in thirty states, during the past twelve months. This general distrust of the bankers may or may not be justified; it is certainly unfair to many of them; but it is a fact, and the sooner the nation faces the fact, the better. If any new program for saving the country is adopted which depends for its success on the wisdom and the initiative of private bankers, the morale of the people will suffer another shock.

For the past two years, the bankers have been powerless to act collectively for the common good. Each bank has made conditions steadily worse for all the banks — and for everybody else, except the short sellers. Instead of competing with each other for business, the banks have competed with each other for lack of business; in other words, for liquidity. To the extent that they have succeeded, they have ceased to function as banks. And they cannot function profitably as anything else. They need leadership which comes from outside the banking system; for that matter, from outside the entire profit system. And again, that means necessarily the leadership of the Federal Government.

A part of the Government program, no doubt, should be indirect relief. It does nobody any good to have banks and railroads fail, while direct methods of putting men to work are under discussion.* The Federal Reserve indirect relief, however, which has helped the banks, has not produced active credit expansion; but without such expansion there can be no expansion of payrolls. The Government banking policy, therefore, has fallen far short of shortening the bread lines.

The latest bank reports show that the banks are taking care of themselves before they take care of anybody else. That is all we have reason to expect of our banking system. It is based on "rugged individualism"; on the naïve faith that each bank, in pursuit of its own profits, will be guided by an Invisible Hand to promote the general welfare. What actually happens is that the banks expand credit freely, for their own profit, precisely when expansion is most harmful to the general welfare; and they contract credit stringently, for their own protection, precisely when contraction is most harmful to the general welfare. As a matter of fact, no bank is responsible for the general welfare.

No matter what the Government does to enable banks to grant credit more freely to private industry, that credit will not be used in sufficient quantity to restore employment until confidence is restored.

Confidence will not be restored until there is an increase in the dollar income of those who want to buy sufficient to bring about a sustained rise in sales and in prices. This is the A. B. C. of economics. The deflation of prices which has continued for the past three years must not only be stopped: it must be corrected. That is the only way to revive business speedily. It is also the only way to prevent wholesale repudiation of debts, the unjust and intolerable burden of which has been increased, solely by the rise in the value of money, to the extent of eighty billion dollars. The whole country

*As explained by W. M. Kiplinger in The Forum for June, 1932.

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understands this, though it does not know exactly what to do about it. That is shown by the overwhelming vote of the House in favor of the Goldsborough bill.

The worst way to bring about buying on the part of those who are eager to buy, but have no money, is charity. It is the worst way for three reasons: because it is resented by those who are out of work through no fault of their own; because it is hopelessly inadequate; and because it enables most of the well-to-do to escape a fair share of the burden.

Better than charity in all these respects, but bad in other respects, is the use of Government funds for ex-soldiers or for doles of any other kind. The best means of accomplishing the purpose are wages paid in connection with the creation of roads, bridges, buildings, power plants, or other forms of real wealth. This is the best way, not only because it adds to the wealth of the nation, but also because it adds to the morale of the nation. Upon these principles a large majority of the people and of Congress are now agreed. The unemployed must be put to work on real jobs, productive of real wealth, financed to a considerable extent by the Federal Government.

Jobs that Create Real Wealth

How shall the jobs be chosen, and how shall they be financed? Here the real divergence of opinion begins. There is widespread agreement, however, that the soundest plan is to stimulate a revival of the construction industry.

Certainly the program should include federal financing of sound private corporations which ordinarily would pay for expansion of plant with new bond issues, but which now postpone expansion solely because they cannot sell the bonds. Government aid in the electrification of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a case in point.

The most obvious immediate use of a billion dollars is for the construction of public works, federal and state, already approved and actually started. Indeed, the American Society of Civil Engineers shows that the worthy projects abandoned during the past twelve months would be, if resumed, enough to restore the construction program of the country to normal. This is also the finding of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief. These projects are not "make-work" devices. They do not belong in the class which the President rightly condemns as "new public works of remote usefulness." Nor are they in the class to which he objects because "they could not be brought to the point of employment of labor during the next year." To cite one available project, there are now 48,000 miles of federal highways in 48 states, approved and laid out and ready for hard-surfacing. Surely we have not gone too far with national highways when we have 25,000,000 automobiles, but not a single hard-surfaced road from coast to coast.

In the Wickersham Report, we read of other immediate construction needs. We read of prisons that are breeding places of disease; prisons that have no plumbing whatever; prisons that were antiquated a hundred years ago, and are still in use; prisons that have three men herded in cells intended for one; prisons that are unfit for pigs. The report does not refer to Siberia. It refers to the wealthiest country in the world.

Of the four New York State prisons, three are antiquated and unfit for habitation. They were built in 1816, 1820, and 1845. This is a disgrace without trace of an excuse. Within calling distance of those wretched buildings are several million jobless men — men who are eager to go to work building prisons or anything else. Inside the walls, there is overcrowding that violates most of the canons of health, decency, and humanity. Outside the walls, there is overcrowding of bread lines and bunk houses that violates the rest of the canons of health, decency, and humanity. Inside the cells, twenty thousand men are jammed into quarters which would be crowded with half that number. Outside the cells, twenty thousand builders are eager to work, but can find no work to do. Inside the cells, twenty thousand wards of society are in dire need of bricks and steel and lumber and cement, thrown into habitable shape. Outside the cells, twenty thousand idle men are in dire need of a chance to make the needed bricks and steel and lumber and cement. Is it any wonder that there have been riots inside the prisons? Will it be any wonder if there are riots outside? The Wickersham Report reveals a tragic waste of human beings inside the prisons, partly because there has been a tragic waste of human beings outside.

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The idea of providing employment in time of depression by expenditures for public works was approved in principle long before this depression began, by nearly all leading economists, statesmen, business men, and even bankers. When, in November of 1928, Mr. Hoover urged the Governors of all the states to get ready to co-operate with the Federal Government in putting this plan into effect, the plan was approved by every Governor except one, and by at least 93 per cent of the newspapers of the country. The plan, economically, is just as sound now as it was before some of its former supporters became hysterical over taxes.

When it comes, however, to a *five* billion dollar program of public works, as urged by Mr. Hearst, and as embodied in Senator Cutting's bill and in Representative Black's bill, there are well-found objections. The necessary projects, sites, blue prints, and specifications are not ready. That is because we have never had long-range planning, but only long-range planning to plan. In any event, so large a program could not be carried out prudently, for when the work did get under way, it would divert labor and materials from normal channels. Four-fifths of the proposed expenditures — frankly for "make-work" projects — could not possibly produce those things which the people most need. The money could be used to better advantage under direction of the several states, where the needs of the people are better known. Finally there is the objection that eventually the five billions and interest would have to be paid; but the program provides no means of payment.

Self-Liquidating Relief

None of these objections apply, however, to federal financing of projects, selected and carried out by the several states and by private corporations, which promise to be self-liquidating. The Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River — a toll tunnel — shows some of the possibilities. The operating income, $5,014,094 in 1930 and $5,376,879 in 1931, is much more than enough to pay interest and depreciation charges. Other projects, already approved, include toll bridges over the Mississippi River at New Orleans, over the Hudson River at Catskill, over the St. Lawrence River, over the East River, and over the Bay from San Francisco to Oakland. Toll bridges have been approved as well for Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. There is also the proposed $300,000,000 Delaware River water-supply development and the $160,000,000 sanitation system for New York City. There is a much needed tunnel to be built from Portland, Oregon, to the Tualatin Valley, not to mention the proposed toll speedways around New York and Philadelphia, and the proposed Columbia River and other hydro-electric developments. Engineers and business men, presumably competent, believed that these projects would pay for themselves, even when costs of labor and materials were much higher than they are now.

Our dominant material need, however, is not highways or harbors or bridges or tunnels, but houses. Here, in the midst of disagreements, is one important fact concerning which there is no disagreement. Our large cities are rotting at the core. Our slums are even more of a disgrace than they were before the war: prosperity passed them by unnoticed. In the wealthiest city in the world are a million human beings without bathing facilities. Many of our small cities are just as badly off. One small Ohio city has over 4000 houses without any plumbing whatever. Of the 18,000 dwelling houses in Des Moines, "The City of Homes," 5000 are without sewers or city water. Incredible as it may seem, about one third of our people — the farm population — are even more poorly housed. Eleven per cent of the tenant farm families of Mississippi sleep six or more in a room. Even among the white farm population, only one farmhouse out of twenty has modern light, heat, bathtubs, indoor toilets, and sewage disposal. Seventy-five per cent have not one of these facilities. There are at least a million "homes" which no careful farmer would consider safe for his blooded cattle. These are only a few items, taken at random, from the appalling story of housing in the wealthiest country in the world.

As an example of what might be done, consider the plan which has long been carefully studied for the destruction and rebuilding of four square miles of the ugly, unsanitary district of Old Philadelphia. In this area are 121 dead-end streets and thirteen streets which are less than ten feet wide. There are 150 foul, sunless, inner courts and numberless dirty

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blind alleys. The whole section is a breeding place of crime and disease: it has more of its young men and women in the penitentiary, in proportion to population, than any other district in the state.

The Chief of the Municipal Bureau of Engineering and Surveys has placed before the city a detailed plan for clearing out the entire four square miles and beginning over. The idea is to house families of moderate means, at rents which they can pay, and which give promise of making the entire project self-liquidating. The plan provides for clean, sanitary, attractive dwellings, with a maximum of air and sunlight, facing parks and playgrounds, in place of the repulsive old ruins, which now enjoy — as Dickens once said of London tenements — an uninterrupted view of the brick wall opposite.

Another slum clearance project, carefully planned by a group of New York City architects, under the spur and sponsorship of the New School for Social Research, provides for the rebuilding of the worst areas of the East Side, in units of nine blocks. A unit of this size makes possible not only a maximum of sunlight, but a largely self-contained community with respect to stores, schools, and recreational facilities. It also makes possible the widening of the outside streets as a means of keeping most of the through traffic outside the unit. In addition, the State Housing Commission of New York has at hand twenty million dollars of projects which have been carefully worked out in detail.

Such plainly necessary developments as these have not been carried out by private enterprise, mainly for three reasons. The large size of the project puts it beyond the reach of nearly all private concerns; and the large size is necessary, not only because ideal planning on a small scale is impossible, but as well because of the lower costs of large-scale operations. There are, moreover, legal and technical difficulties, especially in connection with acquiring sites, which can be removed only if the state and the city are eager partners in the undertaking. Finally, the rate of interest on money which a private contractor has to pay, even when he can get the money at all, is prohibitive. All these difficulties would be removed if the state aggressively sponsored the enterprise, through such an agency as it chose to use, and if the necessary credit were made available, at an extremely low rate of interest, by the Federal Government.

"All that is needed," say the Amalgamated Garment Workers of New York, after erecting eight buildings of their own, "is the temporary use of sufficient capital to help families to finance themselves into home ownership." The feasibility is further shown by the findings of the Chicago Committee on Blighted Area Housing.

All the self-liquidating projects listed above could be financed under the Wagner Bill (Senate Bill 4755). But would they really be self-liquidating? There is no guarantee of that: some risk must be run. On the other hand there is the risk — rather call it the certainty — that another year of unchecked deflation will drive this country to gigantic fiat money measures which carry no means whatever of repayment. Witness the vote in favor of the Bonus Bill. And, as the French proverb has it, "after the printing press, the guillotine!" Compared with what we may have in the future, the Bonus Army that marched on Washington is but a Corporal's Guard.

Meantime, the only difficulties in the way of putting our workers to work on what our workers most need, are the difficulties which are inherent in the profit system and the institution of private property. That is a challenge to Capitalism which, in these days, Capitalism can ignore only at its peril. If Russia had as many surplus carpenters and masons and steel-workers and bricklayers and draughtsmen and architects as we have, and as much surplus steel and lumber and copper and cement, and at the same time had as filthy slums as Philadelphia and New York, the Russians would not sit around, year in and year out, bemoaning their fate and feeding the unemployed with handouts. They would put their idle men to work cleaning out the festering sore spots and building decent dwellings; and whatever else happened, when the work was done, the nation would possess the wealth thus created. Meantime there would be no unemployment. It is high time that we who defend Capitalism did something more than explain why, on account of a private banking system and private ownership of land, it is impossible to do what everybody knows it would be easy to do under Communism.

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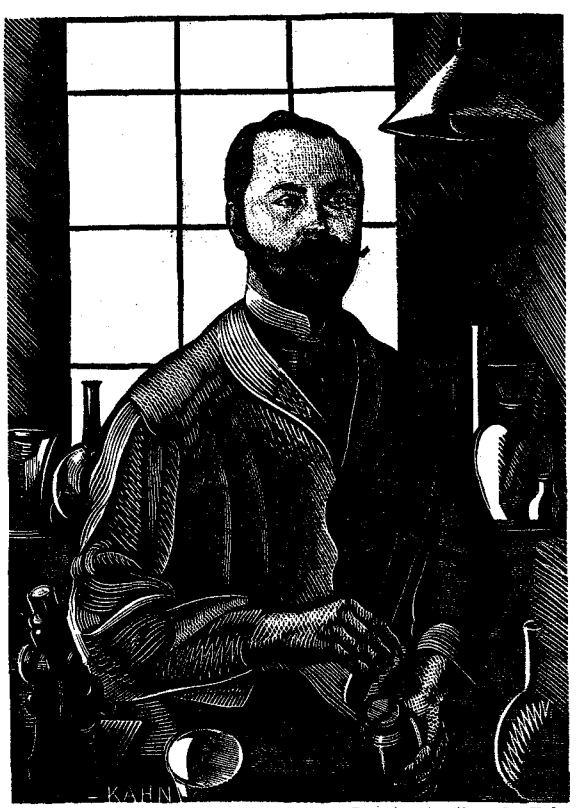
The Pale Horror

I — Schaudinn: the Reluctant Discoverer

by **PAUL DE KRUIF**

IT ALL began in a topsy-turvy fashion with Fritz Schaudinn forced into a job in which he had no interest whatever. The modern fight against humanity's most treacherous affliction began on that day, late in February, 1905, when the Imperial Health Office ordered Schaudinn to drop his own independent researches.



Drawings by Alexander Kahn

He was a bushy-bearded German giant of a man, hot first of all for his scientist's right to search out just what he wanted to. Here the nabobs of the Health Office were wanting him to check up on the preposterous science of this fellow, Siegel, who claimed he'd uncovered bugs causing not only the small-pox but the great-pox, to say nothing of foot-and-mouth sickness, and even scarlet fever. Who blames Schaudinn for his disgust at being ordered round like any lab swipe?

But at this detestable job he spotted the pale horror that writhed, twisted, drilled back and forward — invisibly — in the bodies of uncounted miserable human millions —

It's incredible that Schaudinn (who didn't *want* to) should so quickly discover the tenuous demon that had dodged the eyes of all searchers from Robert Koch onward. But then, the whole history of this so human affliction is full of surprises, and shot through with the positively outlandish. Four hundred years before Schaudinn it had exploded in Europe amazingly, coming — in historic probability — as the most important gift brought back from the New World by the sailors of Christopher Columbus. Its sneaking through Europe had been unbelievably rapid and horrible. The way of its spread had from almost the beginning made its name unmentionable. Yet, to the confusion of all who would divide humanity into good and bad, or high and low, it soon became plain that this scourge was no respecter of persons. . . .

So, through those centuries before that March day in 1905 when Fritz Schaudinn stumbled onto the strangely fragile cause of it, syphilis permeated humanity. It hid in the bodies of bishops and bankers of the upper ten as disastrously as it gnawed at the less distinguished vitals of the millions of the lower five. Saddest of all, apart from those whose sins it rewarded, myriads of innocent ones were (and still are) done to death by its slow, cruel lurking.

The modern fight against the curse of it is surely as strange a scientific saga as any. It began with the chance that turned Fritz Schaudinn from a disgruntled protistologist into a medical immortal. That ill-starred man was hardly cold in his grave before his fellow

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countryman, Wassermann, applied to it (on a wholly mistaken notion) the theoretical science of the dreamy little Belgian, Bordet — who wasn't concerned with it. Half a dozen years later the bizarre chemical antics of the gay Jew, Ehrlich, brought hopes of smashing at one fell swoop this pale horror. Then those hopes died. And now here's hope once more, solider and surer — rising out of the desperate adventure of an Austrian psychiatrist that's been capped by the weird discovery of an American engineer.

There's no need to apologize for the triviality of this pale horror that these men have groped, peered, sweated, and cudgeled their brains to master. It's now fairly sure that this scourge of the (till recently) unmentionable name outranks both tuberculosis and pneumonia as a cause of our human mortality. Of course the mortality tables give no inkling of its prowess as a killer — the why of that is clear to anybody. Before he died, the great William Osler put it down as first among all medical causes of death. John Stokes believes (conservatively) that from seven to ten people out of every hundred hide the horror within them. He says it's very nearly the commonest and easily one of the most fatal of all the ills that plague us. John Stokes should know. . . .

It is treacherous. It is tenacious. It is ubiquitous. It is supreme among all ills as a degenerator, a sapper of life-stuff. It is altogether remarkable that the enormously tiny cause of it should have been found by Fritz Schaudinn — who didn't want to —

II

THERE is a great deal of mystery about Fritz Schaudinn that makes me hesitate to try to tell about him in detail. Long ago, on what was certainly most dependable (though unpublished) authority, I wrote about him as "a fantastic fellow who drank and saw weird visions." Then, a short time ago, a letter came to me, signed by the Director and seven of the Associates of the Hamburg "Institute for Ship's and Tropical Diseases" where Schaudinn toiled in the short tragic months between his discovery of the pale horror and his death. Many of the signers of this letter knew Schaudinn and loved him, and now politely protested he was not an alcoholic, nor a "fantast." They explained that his fantasies (when he indulged them) were only those of a vivid imagination, giving him the key to many unsuspected relations in the mysterious subdivisible world of little animals he was incessantly peering into —

So I apologize to Schaudinn's memory, and to Giemsa, Fülleborn, and all the rest who signed that letter.

It's hard to come by facts about Schaudinn, even about such a simple matter as the occupation of his father. It seems to be agreed by everybody that he was born at Roeseningken in East Prussia in 1871. But one of his biographers says his father was a husbandman, another that he was a "goods inspector," while the famous American historian, Garrison, says he was the keeper of an inn.

Schaudinn went up to Berlin to study to be a philologist, but before he knew it found himself fascinated by the microscopic loves, hates, and other adventures of those little animals known as protozoa. And here again I'm baffled. My friend the noted protozoölogist, Dobell, assures me I can't possibly write about Schaudinn because nobody but a protozoölogist can understand him — and protozoölogist is the last thing I'd claim to be. Nor would I want to be, since my nature is peace-loving, and among searchers it seems to me that protozoölogists are excessively disputatious, rowing, and battling, like medieval schoolmen.

In his article, "Protozoölogy," in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1922, Dobell ignores Fritz Schaudinn completely — though I've seen him referred to as "the father of modern protozoölogy." The eminent Doflein in his best of textbooks about the protozoa refers to Schaudinn on no less than one hundred and eighty-two occasions. Yet Dobell (who ignores Schaudinn) had great respect for Doflein! I leave you to judge of Schaudinn's rank in this highbrow scientific realm. Incompetent to judge, I'll stay on the sidelines benevolently neutral. I will limit myself to telling those adventures of Schaudinn that can be understood not only by protozoölogists (who don't understand each other) but by people everywhere.

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III

BEFORE he was thirty Schaudinn was one of the protozoölogical big shots. He landed a job in the Imperial Health Office in Berlin, never realizing how he'd be bored with it, or what an amazing death-fighting adventure it would bring him. He was lucky to begin with. Right away the authorities sent him with his newly-wed young wife down to Rovigno in Istria by the shore of the blue Adriatic. Here he was happy. Here — away from the bigwigs — he was free to piddle and dabble protozoölogically at anything he wanted to.

Though some might deny it, there was a bit of the Leeuwenhoek about Schaudinn, for he turned his microscope onto everything impartially. He spotted a little animal — *coccidium* — that set up a dreadful inflammation in the bowels of ground moles. Three times a week he'd sweat ten kilometers uphill from Rovigno to the miserable twelve-house hamlet of San Michele di Leme where the villagers were shot with malaria. With his lens he peeped at the blood of these forlorn folks and thought he'd spotted strange antics of the malarial parasites that even the famous Battista Grassi had overlooked. The unhappy inhabitants of the Istrian coast were washed out with dysentery, and from them Schaudinn fished out a crawling wee ameba that he was sure he could tell from mere harmless amebae, that he was certain must be the villain —

He swallowed great doses of amebae, gentle and ferocious, got sick as the deuce for his curiosity, and there are those that hint this was the beginning of the end, and the foundation for that disaster following so quickly on his sudden triumph.

By patient peepings, by ingenious theorizings, he explained how mosquitoes itch you when they bite you, and delved into the miniature hydraulics of the way they suck your blood. He was always hustling his great burly body back up that hill in the white heat to help those no-account natives of San Michele di Leme try to get rid of the malaria that sapped them, and he'd hurry back down remembering he wanted to look at those hemogregarines he'd found in the blood of a lizard.

It wasn't enough for him to probe into human malaria; he began peering at the malaria-like microbes that lived out their futile lives inside the blood cells of the absurd little owl — *Athena noctuæ*. Half the night he'd stay peering through his lens at the blood of this bird, believing its parasites worked day shifts and night shifts — so he himself worked most of the night as well as all day. . . . Yet he found time to be lovely to his wife, and pretty soon he was a father as well as a husband, and they were so happy. Now suddenly the intestinal unhappiness of ground moles, the crawlings of amebae, the secret doings of hemogregarines in the blood of lizards, the delapidated condition of the folks of San Michele — all were blotted out for him —

Now he went about in the daze of (what he thought) was a revolutionary discovery. Here was this idiotic little owl, *Athena noctuæ*, with bird malaria parasites swarming inside the red corpuscles of its blood. Now Schaudinn let mosquitoes suck that blood from his owl, *Athena*. Now, when he cut up those blood-glutted insects, and peeped through his microscopes at their insides, instead of bird malaria parasites — *he found that blood swarming with snakelike creatures — trypanosomes!*

Here were great clumps of them, arranged in pretty rosettes, each creature with the curious fin called an undulating membrane. . . . Kin, they were, to those trypanosomes that David Bruce had found doing African cattle to death with the Nagana —

For years he'd been fussing with protozoa that had a strange trick of changing their shapes (completely) depending on the animal they lived in. Now Schaudinn jumped at it. Of course! These snakes, these trypanosomes, were just another stage in the life of the microbe of bird malaria! This was revolutionary. . . .

Longer, longer, and again and again he peeped at more blood samples from more and more mosquitoes who'd feasted off malaria-infested owls — and yes! Those owl-malaria microbes didn't only turn into trypanosomes, when they got into mosquitoes, but into *spirochetes!* . . . Through his lens in the blood of those mosquitoes, mixed up among the

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slowly writhing trypanosomes, he could see those thin spiral-shaped beings, darting, looking like animated loosely coiled springs, very thin, pushing ahead in pretty spirals through blood cells and between the rosettes of trypanosomes —

Didn't kin of these spirochetes cause the human disease — relapsing fever, to say nothing of the fever of the domestic goose?

Again, he jumped at it. If trypanosomes were really only a stage of bird malaria, then these spirochetes were only another stage or form of it, and all three were different appearances of the very same malarial being! This was momentous —

IV

And it was tremendously erroneous. Far away from Istria, in Ann Arbor, Michigan, there worked a tall, gray-eyed, Czechish man, whose eyes were as hawk-eyed as Fritz Schaudinn's, and then some, maybe. . . . This was Frederick G. Novy, one of the first of American pioneers in microbe hunting, and a pupil of Robert Koch himself. While Schaudinn had been peering and sweating in Istria, Novy on his own had made a fundamental discovery in Ann Arbor. For the first time in history, with diabolical patience and cleverness, he'd succeeded in growing protozoa, trypanosomes no less, outside the bodies of any animal, in test tubes holding mixtures of blood and agar-agar —

And now Novy read Schaudinn's report of his momentous discovery, and Novy became excited (if excitement could ever come to such a grim cool man as Novy undoubtedly was). If trypanosomes were only a stage of malaria then, by all the Gods, he could cultivate malaria outside the body of an animal, outside mosquitoes, pure, uncontaminated with anything living! It would be a great step forward, this getting malaria (even if only of birds) to growing in a test-tube. . . .

Novy knew Schaudinn's great reputation, believed him absolutely. And now with his strange eyes showing his exaltation, he began growling plans for terrific experiments at his big, tough assistant, Ward MacNeal. And you needed to be tough to keep up with Novy. Now Novy and MacNeal went out and gathered what was literally a zoo of lovely song birds — it was enough to send shivers up the spine of any bird lover. Into the blood of bluebirds, golden-winged woodpeckers, mourning doves, Baltimore orioles, brown thrashers, red-shouldered hawks, and many other feathered creatures they probed, and yes: many harbored parasites of bird malaria —

Now for the pure culture experiments. . . . MacNeal cooked up great stews of nutrient agar-agar and bled rabbits for blood till he was nearly blue in the face, with Novy planning vast tests in his clear, almost microscopic, handwriting. And alas — for Fritz Schaudinn. . . .

From the blood of many of those birds they could grow trypanosomes, no doubt of it — exactly like the beasts Schaudinn had described. But alas, often they grew them — *from the blood of birds that had no malarial parasites whatever.*

From the blood of many other birds, try as they would, they could grow no trypanosomes at all. *But the blood of these same birds teemed with the malarial microbes.*

And when they shot their pure cultures of trypanosomes into birds who had no malaria — *no malarial parasites ever appeared within their blood corpuscles.*

And the long slender spiral creatures that Schaudinn had seen in the blood in those mosquitoes weren't spirochetes at all, *but only one form of a trypanosome.*

Poor Schaudinn! He'd been working with a mixed up lot of different microscopic creatures in the bodies of his mosquitoes. . . .

It was ruin for him. You could find birds that had trypanosomes in their blood but no malaria and others with malaria in their blood but no trypanosomes whatever. And what was more, there were trypanosomelike creatures in the stomachs of mosquitoes that hadn't been fed on birds. And when you fed artificially raised mosquitoes on hawks whose blood was infested with malaria — *no trypanosomes showed up in those mosquitoes at all!*

And it was terrible the number of different kinds of parasites that owls could harbor in their blood all at the same time —

For such a severe man (scientifically) as

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Novy is known to be, he now lets Fritz Schaudinn down very kindly, writing:

"This fact of multiple infection in owls, together with the normal presence of flagellates in mosquitoes, shows the great difficulties under which Schaudinn worked while trying to establish the life-cycle of *H. Ziemanni*."

It wasn't, you understand, that Schaudinn didn't see the things he said he saw. It was only that he thought that all the really different bugs that he saw, were the same. It might have wrecked him — scientifically. Yet, strangely, it got him ready for the famous day of March 3, 1905, that made him immortal.

V

Now it was 1905, and Schaudinn was back in Germany at the Imperial Health Office and no longer so happy. They had built a fine laboratory for him in Berlin, and he was the Director, but on the twenty-fourth of October, 1904, he had been officially informed that it was his business as head of protozoölogy in the Health Office to check up on other men's work — but not to do new work of his own. Schaudinn was (privately) furious and to his friends he is reported to have said: "But this is spiritual castration for me!"

He calmed down when he thought of his wife and babies, and went to work like a good trained seal. Now it was February, 1905, and here — ho-hum! — was a silly chore, with him wanting to get back to what he still thought was his deep discovery about malaria, trypanosomes, and spirochetes. Here came a call from the Health Office in the matter of the reputed tremendous discovery of that protozoölogist, Siegel, and his alleged important protozoan microbe, *Cytorhyctes*. This dubious bug was supposed to be the cause of four different diseases, of which by far the most important was syphilis. Now there was a conference, with old President Köhler; and Lesser, the famous skin doctor; and the microbe hunter, Neufeld; and last of all — Schaudinn.

It was disgusting. They all thought the business so much tommyrot and a waste of time and energy. Siegel's reports were vague, confused. His pictures of his alleged bug looked like nothing whatever. It is (you may have already gathered) not common for protozoölogists to have high regard for each other at best, and now, poor Schaudinn — put to work to check up on these imbecilities! Never was there a more astounding example of bureaucratic stupidity —

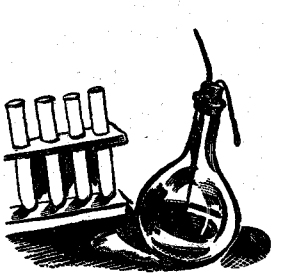
Schaudinn remembered his job and his wife and babies and got ready his microscope. He got ready to find out how terribly wrong this fellow Siegel was about this supposed *Cytorhyctes* causing, particularly, syphilis — that darkest, stealthiest, and very nearly most dreadful of all human afflictions. For years parasitologists had been probing into the horrid manifestations of it, only to find — nothing. It had become axiomatic that, with the most powerful microscopes then known, and the strongest staining fluids then available, *this mysterious virus could not be discovered.*

Here it was March, and big Fritz Schaudinn began carefully cleaning his microscope lenses. About no major human malady was there at this moment less known, scientifically. From the day old Diaz de Isla had climbed aboard Columbus's ships, at Palos in 1493, to treat the explorer's sailors loathsomely sick with it, this scourge had been an enigma. . . .

Here Fritz Schaudinn sat, neatly wiping piles of microscope slides and cover-slides, to find out that, once more, Siegel had failed to achieve what was anyway impossible. What you could say about this disease was — that it was horrible. But that had been known in 1493 when the town crier of Paris was directed to order from the city all afflicted with it — on pain of being thrown into the Seine. . . .

With resignation Schaudinn now prepared his little bottles of staining fluid — to look for what was in all probability not there at all. For the ignorance of the cause of syphilis was still as abysmal as that of old Emperor Maximilian I, when (for the first time in history) he mentioned it in writing in his "Edict against Blasphemers" in 1497.

Now Schaudinn packed up his microbe-hunting tools to go to Lesser's clinic where rows of sad, tainted people came begging to be healed of this horror. Well, Lesser could give them mercury. . . . But jolly red-nosed Girolamo Fracastoro, the learned physician by the shores of Lago di Garda, had



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done that too, in the early fifteen hundreds, when he'd written his strange medical poem about that shepherd, named Syphilus, who took care of the sheep of Alcithoüs. This shepherd had profaned the holy altars, and had been touched by a hideous leprosy, covering his body and accompanied by frightful pain, torturing his limbs, driving sleep from his bed. . . .

Now at Lesser's clinic, Schaudinn, not a physician, only a protozoölogical dabbler and peerer, asked the Medical Assistant, Erich Hoffmann, for his first specimen. What was known about this scourge was — that it was *catching*. This had been proved scientifically (and horribly) when the Anonymous One of the Palatinate had demonstrated that you could inoculate it from a sick to a healthy man. Who knows what disaster later happened to this unknown martyr? Who blames old Dr. Julius Bettinger for keeping his experiment a secret all his life —

It's true that just two years before this March day of 1905, Metchnikoff, the wild Russian Jew, and Roux, the cool French searcher, had succeeded in giving it to apes. But a microbe? They'd found — nothing.

So here sat Fritz Schaudinn, ready. It was March 3, 1905. On March first, just two days before, Frederick G. Novy, the Michigan hawk-eye, in an austere scientific report had publicly blown Schaudinn's most ambitious theory — about malaria, trypanosomes, and spirochetes — to smithereens. . . .

Schaudinn fingered the micrometer screw of his microscope. He had no hopes. He had no expectations. He felt no thrill of "What's-round-*this*-corner?" that draws your searcher onward. Here he sat, with no illusion of his power to find what was at the bottom of this dark human trouble.

He was nothing in the face of this danger whose entry into its victims was so stealthy,

whose first attack was often so insignificant, flaring up, then dying down to fool its human prey into a sense of safety —

Then coming back, years later maybe, more hideous than leprosy; or stopping the hearts of men unsuspecting and in the prime of their vigor; or turning sure-footed runners into shambling tabetic wrecks; or slowly addling the strong brains of shrewd men; or bringing men of genius to dim-witted, slobbering, paretic death. . . .

Fritz Schaudinn hunched forward over his microscope —

VI

Case No. 1. A. K. 25 year old girl. Never sick before; since 20–I–1905, hard, painless nodule . . .; since 22–II–1905, eruption and headache —

This was Dr. Erich Hoffmann's matter-of-fact record of a now forgotten human history that went on to tragedy or happiness — nobody's bothered to record it. Here under Fritz Schaudinn's lens was a wee bit of stuff from that eruption. . . .

Well, one thing was certain — there was nothing here at all resembling that alleged syphilis-microbe, Siegel's *Cytorhyctes*. . . .

There's no record of what Medical Assistant, Dr. Erich Hoffmann, at this moment thought of Fritz Schaudinn's way of looking. Hoffmann himself, three years back, had looked and looked for microbes in such people — finding just exactly nothing. And he'd gone at it properly, in the orthodox manner, dousing strong staining-fluid onto the sick stuff — to paint, to make stand out, any wee microbe, if there was a microbe there. But here was Schaudinn (only a protozoölogist) looking down his microscope barrel at fresh, living stuff, unstained entirely —

It was funny about Fritz Schaudinn. He was known as an artistic man, a gay man, a man "foaming over with joy-in-life" as the Germans like to say it. Now here he sat bent over, and quiet, for a long, long time, not moving, not even muttering, just looking, looking —

There's no record of it, but mustn't Erich Hoffmann have wondered why Schaudinn stayed there so very long not saying a word, just looking? Why didn't he call for material from Case No. 2? Why didn't he get through this idiotic business of proving Siegel was wrong — pronto? Why didn't he demonstrate quickly on a lot of cases in a row that what Siegel said was there was only moonshine? Why did he keep at it and at it?

If you knew Schaudinn, you'd understand

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it. No matter that he'd gone, bored, at this trained-seal research job. At bottom he was only like your bird-dog starting out at random ranging, and then, suddenly —

Wait — this *was* curious. Here in the dim grayness, the quivering uncertain dimness of the field of the highest power of his microscope was — something!

Among debris of sick tissue, and random red and white blood corpuscles, and no-account microbes, contaminating skin bugs that any tyro would know meant nothing, there was a *new* something — moving. . . .

Now you saw it twisting, drilling back and forward, lashing. You'd turn your focus ever so wee little and you'd lose it. Wait, there it was again, drilling back and forward, hardly different from the dim nothingness in which it swam. Damn! Gone again. Now here again — so thin, so absolutely immeasurably thin you couldn't even guess its thickness in fractions of a micro-millimeter. But it was drilling back and forward moving. You might say it had length but no breadth. It was like a long nothing, moving. . . .

And here another. And pretty soon another. How'd you describe it? Well — it was a corkscrew without a handle. It was like the very pale thin ghost of a microscopic corkscrew —

At last Schaudinn called Hoffmann, and Neufeld and Gonder, the microbe hunters who were experts at bacteria — not protozoa. They looked and looked and had the devil of a time to see anything. But yes, at last, each one, focusing and focusing, would catch just a hint of that faint spiral moving, and then fading, and then swimming back for a moment into the focus. God — Schaudinn must have had a hawk-eye to have picked it up!

Well?

Well — it wasn't anything. Schaudinn stretched his great body, laughing. He explained to them. Those pale corkscrews they saw were *spirochetes*. He'd seen spirochetes before — in mosquitoes' stomachs. Then there were also spirochetes in the domestic goose. He explained to Neufeld, Hoffmann, and Gonder that he believed these spirochetes were just one stage of malaria, and he'd got up a theory about them, down in Rovigno. They were scientifically very interesting.

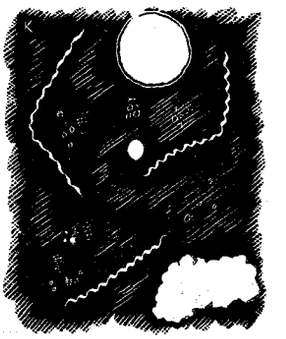
"I'd much rather work at these spirochetes than try to find the cause of syphilis," Schaudinn said to Neufeld. Then he laughed. He also became sarcastic, probably. Now he wasn't working at what he wanted to. He was doing what the so-and-so Health Office authorities told him to. So he'd just have to forget about these (scientifically) interesting spirochetes.

VII

But now it was March 20, 1905, and for Schaudinn all purely scientific academic interest in whether malaria microbes might turn into spirochetes or vice-versa was blown clean to blazes. Here in the past week were three more cases, an unfortunate widow, aged 58, a blighted girl, aged 25 like the first one, and now another girl, aged 22 with a bad rash and headache and a sore throat and her hair coming out in bunches. And in all of them — in the sick stuff from every one of them — he'd seen those strange, delicate, microscopic corkscrews, long but with no breadth, moving. It's true he'd seen them mixed up with other microbes, with bigger spirals, that any amateur — not hawk-eyed like Schaudinn — could detect not half looking. But those big spiral bugs were only in part of these sick people, and then on the surface of the eruptions, only, and not deep in them.

But these wee ghosts of microscopic corkscrews — those were the dandies, the strange ones; those were the beauties it was fun to look for, and not find, for hours maybe, till suddenly —

And they were always there, always in everyone with the sickness — and never at all in those without it. You could stain them, too, with the powerful azur-eosin dye invented by the microbe hunter, Giemsa. But how pale they always were! Even when Schaudinn stained and stained them. Now, first to himself, and then to Hoffmann, Schaudinn began calling them "*the pale spirochete*." Sometimes he could only find a few of them, but now here in this fourth girl, she with the sore throat and bad eruption — she was *loaded* with them!



Hoffmann and Schaudinn together went into a serious huddle. Siegel'd been fooled. Dozens of microbe hunters

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had been fooled finding bogus causes of this dreadful sickness. Both of them knew the simple fact that on the surface of anybody's body all kinds of microbes may lurk invisibly. And finding even such a fantastically different bug as this pale spirochete, just in a surface eruption, might mean nothing . . . or everything!

They went into a huddle, and what Schaudinn now wanted was a very new case of the sickness, just starting, but where the living poison had already got as far as the glands. Long before, in one of those desperate experiments that seem to surround this sickness of the unmentionable name, old Geheim Rath von Rinicker had demonstrated that those swollen glands (from the beginning of the sickness) *were infectious*. He'd proved it by cutting one out and injecting it into the arm of a young healthy man. "In men of good constitution it is easy to heal" — that was the way von Rinicker justified his experiment. . . .

Now if Schaudinn could spot his pale corkscrew in one of those newly swollen glands —

It is not at all certain that at this time Hoffmann thought anything at all of this strange new microbe of Schaudinn's. But wait. Here was a real test of it. Three years before, Hoffmann had had just this kind of case — and from it he'd cut out a lymph gland, and from the stuff of that gland he'd made smears, dozens and dozens of them, on thin bits of glass. He'd stained and stained them, with every kind of powerful dye. He'd looked till his eyes were red-rimmed. He'd seen — nothing. But wait — here up in the cupboard were a few of those three-year-old no-account bits of glass, smeared with the gland stuff — but not stained. Now, if Schaudinn thought it worth while —

Worth while? Well! So Hoffmann reached up in his cupboard, very likely feeling sorry for poor Schaudinn starting out on this wild chase.

"I remember it was a Sunday," Neufeld wrote, long after. "And Schaudinn and I were alone in the laboratory."

There sat Fritz Schaudinn, alone, before his microscope. All night those bits of glass, old neglected thin slips of glass saved up in that cupboard all these years by some whim of Hoffmann's, had lain there soaking in Schaudinn's Giemsa stain. There couldn't be anything! Hoffmann had looked so carefully —

Now Schaudinn hunched forward, looking —

All at once he was up. He was running out, calling: "Neufeld! Neufeld!" —

VIII

So, on the very first day of the very first case on the third of March he'd seen the pale spirochetes. But this day, Sunday, March twenty-first, he knew he'd *discovered* the pale horror at the bottom of syphilis.

There's never been a fact of death-fighting science so quickly confirmed, so quickly said "Yes, of course" to by everybody. It was the very opposite of the drubbing he'd got from Novy, the Michigan hawk-eye, in that matter of his wrong theory that malaria microbes might turn into spirochetes. It was like Robert Koch's demonstration of the tubercle bacillus, no less. Nobody in all the world could see *for the first time* this thin pale horror, excepting Schaudinn. Now, once he'd spotted it, had told them what to look for, even a fair-to-middling microbe hunter couldn't miss it.

In May Schaudinn and Hoffmann got up before the Berlin Medical Society and spoke their little pieces, very modestly, not claiming anything, just saying that in so many cases of the sickness they'd spotted this absolutely unique, extremely thin, pale, tight-spiraled, very active corkscrew microbe — in every true case of the disease in which they'd looked for it. And in no other malady had they seen it.

They didn't say it was the *cause*, but —

It was grand for them. The biggest scientific shots in Germany were up on their feet, saying, yes, they'd seen it —

It looked like triumph for Schaudinn, when up jumped one of Siegel's followers — Dr. Thesing — making the most idiotic objections. Thesing hinted he had the backing of Schaudinn's old master, Schulze, at the Zoölogical Institute, no less. Now both Schaudinn and Hoffmann lost their tempers and hinted Thesing had no credentials to shoot off his mouth on such an important occasion. Then there were catcalls and yells about "freedom of science," and the whole solemn occasion began to take on an air of imbecile futility.

The session began to dissolve into what was next to a riot. To end it, the President of the Berlin Medical Society, the eminent, celebrated Excellenz von Bergmann, got up and made an immortal ass of himself saying:

(*Continued on page 128*)

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This Fuss about Women

by **ELIZABETH MOREY**

Most women I know give me a pain in the neck. Just throw out the slightest hint of sympathetic understanding and they go wistful on your hands. It seems to me I know a thousand ever-yearning Melisandes, each wearing an aura of unhappiness as if it lent her an air of distinction. One sees them in Paris, London, Chicago, New York. One meets them in every suburb and small town. And I, for one, am certainly tired of them!

I am particularly out of patience with the group which is most righteous in its attitude, the college women whom marriage and child rearing have deprived of opportunity for self-expression. How many such we all know: women of supposed intelligence, who pine and sigh because the responsibilities of home and motherhood leave them no time for developing their talents! But I seem to stand alone in my impatience with these matrons. Sociologists fret over them, men capable of more fruitful occupation write books about them. Causes and Movements spring up to serve them. For decades they have been the *pièce de résistance* of feminist agitators who see in their thwarted potentialities the hope of a starving world. Well, maybe so. But in my own opinion we are not worth half the fuss that is made over us.

What ails us? Why do we pine and fret? To the disinterested observer we appear to be a privileged lot. We were sheltered through youth, and supported through four pleasant college years. We were already in our twenties, full grown, before we faced the hazards of a competitive society. Even if we took jobs, few of us were required to be altogether self-supporting. We were fairly free to do as we chose, to carve out careers for ourselves, or to marry, at leisure. The social and economic pressures which force most girls into marriage were but lightly imposed on us, and rather better than average young men crossed our paths.

That we did marry certainly suggests that we wanted to. We cannot point to the act as a thoughtless gesture of extreme youth, nor can we argue that we were forced into it. As young women of supposed intelligence and discrimination we chose to marry and to reproduce. Since we made these choices our problems have not been unusually difficult or severe. Bringing up and providing for families is a procedure which has obtained for some thousands of years. We were at least as well prepared for it as most. Surely, to the casual observer, our lives present no unusual problems or causes for discontent.

So, before we permit ourselves the self-pity so common to us, we need to examine ourselves and our fates candidly. We must consider as fairly and honestly as we can the chances we have had, and the ways we have dealt with them.

As a group we have commonly shared at least two approaches to attainment. Most of us have had many more, but I will stick to the two which have been shared by all of us: college and marriage. College presented us certain educational advantages which we were free to profit by according to our abilities; marriage provided us various materials on which to exercise our brains and talents. Because our marriages have been of so much more vital and persistent importance in our lives, let's consider marriage first.

Unsuccessful Wives

What did marriage offer as a challenge to our resources? All normal marriages provide three separate fields for conquest: as wives, housekeepers, and mothers, we have had three chances to attain some distinction. These are not trivial opportunities. Indeed, the problems of marital adjustment, home making, and child development have been the focal points of some of the most brilliant thinking of our time. They have produced some of the most profound discoveries and revolutionary ideas of

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our era. In marrying, we projected ourselves into the midst of psychological and sociological materials of prime importance.

What did we do with them? Almost to a woman we failed to seize our chances. Our approach to the adjustments necessary to successful marriage was unprofessional to say the least. As brides we had expectations so empyrean, ambitions so diffuse, that we scarcely bothered to think about the young men beside us. Indeed, most of us worried more about the abrogation of our independence, and the opinion of our neighbors, than we did about the profound emotional satisfactions at stake in our unions. Hardly one of us nourished even the simple ideal of making our husband the most happily married man in his community. In a stingy, self-centered way we were catching at happiness for ourselves. To do a first-rate job as wives never became our definite aim.

As for attempting to analyze the function of the home, and to create in our living quarters a harmonious environment for the varied tastes and occupations of the members of our family, it never occurred to us. We followed the conventional routine of house-furnishing and -keeping without question. We didn't even make a scientific study of the mechanical processes involved in housework, with a view to conserving our energies and subordinating daily chores to their secondary place. We may have worked hard, but there is little merit in that. As women of brains we should have done better than to muddle along with housekeeping as if it were a menial job, beneath our cultural level. We should have sensed that here was a great, heretofore neglected field for constructive thinking. But we didn't.

As mothers we have fretted and stewed and kept charts and strained spinach. The doctors and school-teachers have seen to that. But the more profound questions have escaped us. How many of us have conscientiously attempted to analyze the problems which will face our children in this chaotic world, and to create an environment calculated to prepare them for it? How many of us have done our best to supply in our homes the poise and generosity, the atmosphere of good will and emotional repose without which superficial techniques are a joke? Not a handful. We have trailed around after our children like so many bespectacled hens. There is little distinction in that.

No, as wives, as home makers, as mothers we have missed our chances. While others have created new sciences and new philosophies out of our own experiences, we have muddled through from day to day, from hour to hour, never grasping the significance of our jobs, or the possibilities inherent in them. Thus, we have missed out on some of the most exciting movements of our generation, not because we lacked the opportunities, but because we were too stupid to see them. It is a sorry comment on us. But it is so.

I can hear a chorus of protests. Some may say, "Well, I grant you all this, but what of it? I never have claimed that sociology, or psychology, or scientific management, any of them, was my forte. My talents lie elsewhere." This is a fair enough answer. Others may say, "But I am a good wife, a good mother. My family is happy and well cared for; I like my home and take pride in it — but still I am bored and discontented. I need some further outlet for the full expression of my talents." This, too, sounds possible.

Well, if home problems do not challenge the resources of these women, it should be a simple matter to discover what does. Their very objections presuppose some ability. The implication is either that their special talents are of a kind which is not related at all to home problems, or else that they are so great in scope as not to be exercised sufficiently by them. In either case, a consciousness of and a certain pride in their capabilities is at the base of almost all the complaints of our languishing college matrons.

As I said, to discover these special abilities should be an easy matter. We have but to ask: What do you like to do? And what proof have you that you can do it?

But whenever I approach my friends with a few simple questions they begin to balk and stall in a most disconcerting fashion. The most impressive element in their answers is the fact that they are bored and wish they weren't. They don't seem to know just what they do want to do, and have no records from which to demonstrate that they are qualified to do anything in particular.

Yet they have not lacked opportunities for discovering and cultivating their talents. Before they married at all, they had four college years in which to find themselves, to try

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out their powers and crystallize their intentions. After college they had as much chance as the rest of the human family to try their hand at expressing themselves through the media of jobs or independent work.

Because college was a special forcing ground for our talents, a special opportunity for finding out our abilities, it is important that we go back to it in our minds and define just exactly what benefit we derived from it. It offered us a variety of interests for our testing, materials which some young women used to advantage. We all number among our erstwhile classmates women who in college laid the foundations for later work as doctors, journalists, social workers, scientists. They left college with their courses plotted and their first steps already taken. That we did not do so raises the question, why not? Perhaps our development was delayed, perhaps we followed false leads. At any rate, we were a lap behind the others at the day of graduation; we had gained neither a plan of action nor a definiteness of aim.

What benefit did most of us derive from the opportunities offered us? After drifting along for four years with no greater responsibility than that of making our beds and attending enough classes to secure passing marks on our report cards, we went home the proud possessors of A.B. degrees. This badge of higher learning which we each wore with some pride, represented no definite attainment, no specific talent, not even conscientious work, on our part. It represented, in most cases, a mild exposure to the ideas of great minds, and to the cultural attainments of the race. We did get from this exposure, all of us, a vague conception of "a higher life of the mind," a respect for an intellectual aristocracy. Not only this, but by some freak of human sophistry, we assumed that we were participants in this company of the élite, that by virtue of our exposure to sweetness and light we ourselves had become fine flowers of the race. Whether consciously or unconsciously, we fancied ourselves members of a gentility above the reaches of the common man, active participants in what we regarded as "the higher life."

So much for the advantages we reaped from college. If we should now, in our adult years, confuse this spongy state of mind with brains and ability, it would certainly mark us as unconscionably stupid.

The Yearners

What did we do in the years which intervened between college and marriage? While still unshackled by marriage and its wearying tasks, did we direct our time and energies toward some definite attainment? Did we focus on some specific interest and enthusiasm, and stick to it, day in and day out, with ardent and determined perseverance? I am willing to wager that not a woman who did so has abandoned her loved work because of her marriage. Anyone who plays the piano because of the sheer magnetism of its sound is not going to stop when her baby is born. Any woman who has a real flair for archæology doesn't lose touch with it because she gains a husband. If such an interest has lapsed because of domestic duties, it was feeble at best. Either the woman has overrated her enthusiasm or she is of such poor caliber that she would never develop into anything much, married or single. Her ability isn't so much unrealized as imagined.

But few of us yearners can honestly claim that we showed much promise before marriage. We rather maintain that here and now we want to do something before our brains rust into complete disuse. Thus, we make it impossible to gauge our ability by our past efforts. One can only ask such a woman what she now wants to do, and how badly she wants to do it. Is she willing to sacrifice other activities to it, to rise early, grind through dull detail, and give years of her life to it? In other words, has it a professional genuineness, or is it merely a passing fad? Unless a woman can point definitely to some one thing on which she wants to spend more time and energy, unless she can prove her sincerity by pointing to a history of honest endeavor, or at least to some intelligent plan, it is a fair assumption that she is muddled in her thinking, that she mistakes her self-esteem for her powers.

Whenever I question my discontented friends as to the sort of work they'd like to do, they usually reply "Some kind of writing," or "An editorial job," or "Interior decorating," or "Work in a museum." Something like that. Such replies do not augur well. They reflect dilletantes' attitudes, hangovers of Victorian aspirations. They are the leftovers of casual A.B. work in a female college before the war.

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They imply neither ability nor intelligence. The whole group smacks only of a superior appreciation of the æsthetic and — may I say it? — of the self. It is an appreciative, rather than a creative attitude.

Faced with real situations, with adult competition, these women haven't a ghost of a chance. The sort of work they want isn't open to them. Jobs as waitresses, hostesses, as school secretaries and museum clerks, they can get. Naturally such jobs don't tempt them. Yet they are not equipped to hold jobs which would satisfy their demands, and are unwilling to take the hazards of working up through possible promotions to such jobs.

A woman who really wants to branch out from her home into a more active life does not set about it by looking wistful, or by wishing she had some pleasant part-time work. She does it by preparing herself for some sort of activity and by looking persistently for a chance to demonstrate her ability. A woman of my acquaintance who had held a good job before marriage, and found herself in a small suburban community cramped by partial payments on a house, and a baby, and with boredom heavy on her hands, joined her village women's club, put in two years as assistant editor of their club paper, and then as editor-in-chief made within a year's time such a phenomenal success of the little sheet that she was offered a job as editor of a local weekly paper. She liked the work, it brought in enough money to pay for a good maid and gave her time and energy to enjoy her home. Yet her situation would have seemed hopeless to most women.

Another woman I know — she too did all her own work — invested about ten dollars in cheap toys, applied a little educational theory to her selections, and made up travel boxes for children according to their age and interests. She did this for two years, selling her products through Women's Exchanges. As far as I know she made no money. But she learned enough about wrapping packages and figuring costs and pleasing grandmothers to secure a part-time job as a party-expert in a fancy toy shop, where she spent three hours a day with five other college women who amused and stimulated her — and she paid for a housekeeper out of her earnings.

Now these two women's jobs may not seem very interesting to a third person, but they did to the people who held them, and the point of their tales is that whereas neither of them had in any way unusual ability or vitality, they knew what they wanted and they seized simple opportunities which came to hand as approaches to their desired ends.

Any woman who feels that her talents lie in work outside the home needs to be very definite as to what those talents are. It isn't enough to believe one has executive powers, or invincible salesmanship, or unerring taste in decoration. One has to check up carefully on one's past behavior, to consider the adequacy of past tests which have led one to the present belief in one's powers. Unless a woman can definitely state the pursuit she is looking for, unless she can fortify her wish with some proof of her ability, and with a history of persevering preparation, we are justified in discarding her ambitions as too nebulous for realization. If she merely yearns for "stimulating contacts and interesting work," there is little hope for her.

What Ails Them?

And so we find ourselves back where we started, with our vaguely yearning matrons, and again we ask, What ails them? One is forced to the conclusion that not only are we vague, but that we are immature, even childish in our attitude toward life, and that this is what ails us. We haven't yet grasped the fact that the Right to be Happy is an academic phrase, and that the business of living is no cinch for anyone.

Refusing to realize this, we take refuge in dreaming of avenues of escape, or in blaming external circumstances. Women who refuse to grow up — our cities, our suburbs are full of them.

One common manifestation of their adolescent attitude is the demand for romantic attentions which women make on all sides. Observe the way in which they dawdle over cosmetics, diet themselves out of health and vigor, wear blue to match their fading eyes, and work as hard as schoolgirls to achieve attention from other women's husbands. Their behavior is not directed toward the revivifying experience of profound emotional relationships, but rather toward the cheap common garden variety of attention: flattery and apparent popularity.

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These women pass by the subtler satisfactions which a hard-earned maturity might give them, focusing on girlhood standards of success. They are restless because the passage of time is inevitable. Feminine wiles having been their weapon for gaining attention in youth, they strive artificially to perpetuate them and to claim their rewards. It comes from muddling, from not facing the unalterable progressions in any life cycle.

On the whole, however, this manifestation of immaturity is not so common among college women as is another sort. College women for the most part display their childishness in an even less tolerable form, being even further removed from reality than the romance enthusiasts. For they not only want attention and admiration, but they want it without any effort on their part. Without the bother of hair dyes and dull flirtations, they want to be the cynosure of both masculine and feminine eyes. They claim the right to be noticed simply by virtue of their innate superiority. Born with some few brains, nourished in a seminary of cultural appreciation, dressed up in a smattering of languages and *belles-lettres*, they are inclined to think of themselves as Something Special. When the married years of the twenties and thirties find them leading ordinary, unnoticed lives, they feel as cheated as girls who have been left out of a party. Vaguely they stir and yearn, and think of what they might have been. Tersely put, these ex-college girls are looking for Something for Nothing.

In considering all of us who, having chosen the social security of marriage and established homes, now yearn for flowered hills beyond, it seems to me that our main trouble arises from our unwillingness to be honest with ourselves. We refuse to admit that our real problem lies, not in our domesticity, or our uncongenial marriages, but in our own mediocrity. Better women did something about their lots, long ago; we yearners are the left-over children, part of the mediocre bulk of mankind. This is no special insult to us; the world is full of ordinary men and women, working at ordinary jobs. The only opprobrium cast upon the women I have berated lies in our refusal to admit our natures to ourselves, or to set about correcting our condition by hard work.

A woman who has put her house in order, has coped with her marital problems intelligently, and has provided for her children's needs, has no reason to bemoan having spent a decade or more of her life in one of the most profound of human experiences: mating and rearing the young. She errs only when she begins to yearn for what she hasn't. If she is really an intelligent, mature being she will say "What next?" and do something about it.

I have always believed, and still do, that a natural life of mating and reproducing gives poise in exchange for insecurity, frees the energies, and strengthens the being, that, in short, it never held any able women back. It has been for years woman's chief alibi. Well, let her blame her failures on her femaleness or her stupidity if she will, but not on such a natural and fundamental part of existence as loving and propagating. If we should make up a list of all contemporary and past women who have been failures, you may be sure that not all of them would be in the ranks of the matrimonially shackled. No, any woman who uses her marriage to excuse her yearnings is confused.

Let us shake ourselves out of such childish attitudes. Let us admit that living is essentially a struggle, regardless of one's sex. Few men do their work for sheer love of it, few of them face the responsibilities of a home and family with assurance and light heart. Few of them find their daily contacts stimulating, their work intellectually satisfying. Yet we consider a man rather a silly who talks of his Right to be Happy. What special claim have we women to sympathy and tolerance? Why all this fuss about "women?"

Our yearnings are but childish poutings. They point not to our unrealized powers, nor to our unjust fates, but to our own inadequacy. Marriage muddled, home muddled, ambitions muddled — it does not flatter the woman who frets to say that she needs an outlet. What she needs is a looking glass, a reflection of herself as the creature she is. She needs to start, even at this late date, to grow up. If she refuses to do this, and continues to prefer her thwarted dreams of Happiness, then like Melisande she will just have to keep on sighing "*Je ne suis pas heureuse!*" But let her not overlook the fact that, being older than Melisande, she appears in the eyes of her contemporaries more akin to Don Quixote — and if some Cervantes rises up to immortalize her, it will serve her right!

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The New "Road"

One Way to Revive the American Theatre

by **LEE SIMONSON***

THE FORMER prosperity of the theatre as a commercial enterprise was based on its ability to avoid complete concentration in New York by exporting its surplus to the entire country. The public for plays was not a fraction of the population in one large city but a fraction of the population of every state. This was "the road," and its potential purchasing power provided the American theatre's financial reserves. The American producer used to be prosperous because he was able to subsidize the risk of his new ventures by the royalties that continued to come in from his traveling companies, who rolled merrily along not only to all the larger cities but to towns so small that they were "one-night stands." As the receipts of *Journey's End* show, the profits of duplicating success with a number of road companies can exceed even the profits of a long run in a theatrical capital. Every manager dreams of finding a play that can be sent to South Bend or South Africa. The practice of touring plays twenty years ago was so general that the standard dimension for building scenery is still a flat five feet nine inches wide. This dimension seems arbitrary until one learns that the doors of American baggage-cars are six feet high; each section of scenery, in order to be stood on its side and shoved through the door, had to allow a margin of three inches for clearance.

The organization of the theatre as a factory for smash hits has wiped out the possible profits of the road even faster than it has wiped out the chance for profits in New York City. The "road," except for musical comedies, where it can listen to the song hits of the year before they are heard from every hotel orchestra or on every other radio program, prefers to see plays that are established successes and have the prestige of a season's run in New York behind them. Not only are there no longer enough of such successes to keep the road supplied, but the risk of sending out anything that has been talked of for less than six months in syndicated newspaper columns is so great that fewer and fewer managements can afford to take it. In addition to the higher costs of reproducing scenery and costumes and of running with unionized crews, there are the greatly increased costs of railroading, as compared to those of twenty years ago, and the increased cost of living, which sends up road salaries for actors. Many, revolting against being imprisoned in one rôle for more than a year, refuse to go on the road at any price. Furthermore, the success of commercial hits depends so much more on ensemble acting than formerly that the second-line company is in itself a risk, particularly as the "road," which can see a perfect facsimile of Greta Garbo or Charlie Chaplin around the corner, demands the original New York casts and complains that it is being cheated if it does not get them. Successful plays are no longer set in flats and borders that can be hung in a few hours, but depend on an amount of scenery and a degree of technical complication that often bars the one-night stand; even if the house could be sold out the stage could not be got ready.

The easy success of road-companies in the past was based on the lure of the star actor; the backwoods turned out to see the leading actor or actress and took the play for granted, so that Sarah Bernhardt playing in French could fill a circus-tent. But the disappearance of the star and his or her personal "box-office draw" has wiped out one of the major sources of

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certain profits. The movies have absorbed not only the appeal of the matinée idol but also that of his or her material — the hypocrisies, sentimentalities, and evasions, the fairy-tale stereotypes, the life-lies and sex-lies. The small city's local theatre, relic of the days when Booth and Barrett turned up regularly — its single trap-door is still called the Hamlet trap, being placed where convention required for the grave scene — has become a frowzy and musty place which it hardly pays to renovate because owning and running "legitimate" theatres outside of New York became an unprofitable form of real-estate investment long before the present theatrical slump in New York began.

"Revive the Road and Save the Theatre,' has for the moment become a popular slogan. But how this is to be done unless by incantation and prayer is not apparent. Do theatre-managers plan to revive the star actor and actress or the matinée idol? Are they going to cut the cost of railroading or refuse to send out any plays except those in one set? How is the dramatic material that is a sure-fire hit in New York going to become sure-fire hokum, once on the road, so that it can compete with the talkies? How is the cost of production going to be cut in general and the financial risks of failure be reduced? How is the supply of smash hits, now too few to tap the purses of the theatre-going public of a single metropolis, to be enlarged so that it supplies dramatic fare to an entire nation? No plan has as yet been proposed that faces, much less meets, the inherent difficulties of the problem. Theatrical managers prefer to delude themselves into thinking that, like a camel going through the eye of the needle, they can recover their palmy days by ducking their heads and clearing by a margin of three inches the door of a baggage-car.

Theatres as Civic Centers

It may very well be that a single metropolis has heretofore always been the heart of theatrical enterprise. But economic conditions are now so changed that the pulse of play-production in New York, like a heart muscularly diseased, functions spasmodically and barely keeps a part of the body of the theatre alive. The arteries of communication have hardened or been totally destroyed, so that it is useless to speculate on how a hopelessly centralized theatre can supply the blood-stream of living drama to the whole country. The entire commercial basis of theatrical production will have to be radically displaced before the theatre can revive. If and when the "road" finally dies, the American theatre may indeed be reborn in coördinated but self-sustaining theatrical centers.

The highest general level of theatrical production in the modern theatre was reached in Germany from 1900 to 1914 and continued for some years after the close of the World War. It was made possible by the fact that every large city was a self-sufficient center of theatrical culture. Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, Darmstadt, Leipzig, Cologne, Bremen, or even such small cities as Weimar, Posen, and Stettin, did not wait for Berlin to ship them whatever shopworn successes it could spare but built superbly equipped theatres that were civic monuments. They did not rely on a single star like Moissi, who happened to have a "road draw" and could tour Europe. A play was not necessarily consigned to limbo because its original performance was a failure; it was often repeated and made a success in another state or civic theatre a few weeks or months later. The possibilities of a script were often tested not by one but by a dozen different directors; classics of all sorts were kept alive by continual reinterpretation. Parochialism was avoided by a frequent interchange of leading actors and occasionally by arranging for the repertory of important foreign companies, who were invited on a *Gastspiel* as guest players. Private theatrical ventures were not discouraged; they were on the contrary stimulated by the widespread encouragement given to theatre-going everywhere. Fortunes were lost and also made in private theatres, including Reinhardt's own Deutsches Theatre, which made Berlin the theatrical capital of the country and for a time of Europe. But cities that were not cosmopolitan centers, and could not draw upon a transient population, were able to have a theatre without being mulcted by speculators gambling on the immediate profits of phenomenal successes. The entire theatre industry was established on a broad foundation, with the result that until 1921 or so the only building of importance that attempted to solve any of the problems involved in relating an adequate stage to a well-designed auditorium was done by German architects who did not have to

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limit their imagination to the cupidity of a local real-estate market.

The development of the theatre is directly related to the economic rent of land, because the theatre is not only an exhibition-room but a factory, a plant to produce plays. Productions have to be assembled in a workshop; unification of plant equipment is no less essential to the theatre than to any other form of modern industry. The proper size for a theatre that is to be efficiently run requires a plot of ground invariably much larger than any lot in a congested district that an individual investor can afford. By the time an adequate plot is assembled, its initial cost, in competition with other forms of real-estate investment, is so great that any possible rental from it is too low to attract private capital, and the same holds true of its mechanical equipment. German theatres were saved similar financial burdens by states and cities that considered the theatre no less a civic monument than an art museum or a public library.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the general level of culture in this country may eventually rise to a point where a group of wealthy citizens will feel that it is no less important to provide their city with a theatre than with a museum or a concert-hall. The American theatre may yet become as honorific an outlet for private benefaction as art, music, and literature have been. Detroit or Cleveland does not rely on a road-tour of the Philadelphia or the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in order to hear symphonies by Brahms and Beethoven, nor do they wait for a loan exhibition by the Metropolitan Museum in order to see important examples of old and modern masters. Detroit and Cleveland, New York and Philadelphia are within a few hours of each other by rail and each pair of cities could conceivably share a single symphony orchestra between them. But because the performance of musical symphonies is felt to be of the highest importance, each city maintains the best orchestra that can be assembled and the ablest conductor it is possible to secure. When the performance of plays is felt to be equally important, these cities will provide whatever endowment is needed in order to have permanent acting companies of first-rate players, as they do now to maintain first-rate players of violas, tubas, French horns, and kettle-drums; and they will be directed by leaders comparable to Golschmann, Gabrilówitch, Goossens, Koussevitsky, Sokoloff, Stokowski, and Toscanini. Until the interpretation of a script by a great playwright is felt to be as important as the interpretation of a score by a great composer, the pretense that the American public wants better plays is, if not hypocritical, at least disingenuous. When playwrighting and playacting are thought to be worth the local millions now lavished on the installation of painting and sculpture and the performance of orchestral music, the leading industrial centers in this country will have theatres of the first rank. Until then the answer to their perennial plaints is, I am afraid, the vulgar one: Put up or shut up.

The Puritan suspicion that the theatre, however nobly disguised, is a side-door to Hell, survives among our best minds. It is felt that the public benefactor who endows an art museum, an orchestra, an opera house, or a university is certain of a place in Heaven. But to endow a theatre is not yet considered a sound first mortgage on immortality. The one million dollars given to Yale so that Professor Baker could conduct a school of the theatre there, and the lesser sums allotted to courses in play production at ninety-four universities, train graduates most of whom cannot find opportunities on an already overcrowded New York Rialto. No opportunity for sound growth and development is offered them in most of the meagerly equipped local amateur groups and little theatres. We have the ironic picture of our leading educational institutions turning out hundreds, and before long thousands, of directors, designers, and theatre technicians who have no better future than to remain teachers and to teach amateurs to teach other amateurs to be content to remain amateurs.

The new civic center at Cleveland presents an equally ironic picture. Grouped about a park one finds an art museum and a new symphony hall; the next building to be erected is to be a museum of natural history. Thus the coming generations of Cleveland will be assured of seeing a collection of well-stuffed anthropoid apes, superbly displayed in stage settings that imitate a tropical jungle. But they have as yet no assurance of being able to see a cycle of Shakespeare's comedies in their chronological order, played by the biological successors of the

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anthropoid ape in settings that might illustrate the imagination of the greatest English poet. If a new bust of Aeschylus were discovered and presented to its art museum, its director would congratulate himself on the acquisition, notify the newspapers, and issue invitations to a private showing. But a performance of a tragedy by Sophocles can wait until Broadway managers or the Theatre Guild get round to it. Cleveland is of course no exception; its best minds, like those of Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, or San Francisco, will probably be content to accept as a substitute a performance by the local orchestra conductor of an inadequate scenario of *Oedipus Rex* done into Latin by a minor French poet, sung by opera stars and a college glee-club chorus to the music of a Russian composer. Meanwhile the local humanists will publicly deplore the waning influence of Greek classics in a jazz age. They will attempt to counteract our intellectual syncopation by going to hear a superb rendition of Mozart's overture to *The Marriage of Figaro*, but they will make no plans to ensure a performance of Marivaux's comedies or any of Molière's. These are reserved to demonstrate to high-school students, most of whom will never learn to speak French, the niceties of French syntax. After which the best minds, having done their full duty as educators, will seat themselves on reproductions of historic furniture made by enterprising manufacturers from the museum's best examples; and thus seated, surrounded by similarly evolved upholstery and bric-à-brac representing periods of perfect taste, they will digest the latest diagnosis, recommended by a book club, deploring the low level of American culture.

Educating an Audience

On a recent visit to Cleveland, before lecturing at its art museum I spent an afternoon studying the switchboard at its symphony hall. It is the latest marvel of electrical engineering, as compact as the usual organ console, easily manipulated by controls no larger than organ stops, which can direct the interplay of hundreds of electric lamps. From it lights can be played like a musical score, but its only immediate function is to send the lights of the auditorium through the cycle of the spectrum in order to match the mood of a musical program. The system of magnetic contacts and electric rheostats that makes such subtlety and unification of control possible occupies an entire subcellar and is reported to have cost close to $100,000. Not much more than twice that sum could have equipped a theatre where a turn of the switch would have converted the stage into a platform for a symphony orchestra for its comparatively few annual performances and given the city the added opportunity of seeing drama for part of every week in the year.

While I was attempting to understand the manipulations of this switchboard — a mighty brain feeding a rudimentary nervous system — an extraordinary demonstration filled the auditorium, packed with selected delegations from high schools and adult study-groups who had come from all over the state to compete for the best score in identifying unnamed excerpts from well-known composers. A small orchestra played fifteen or twenty bars and stopped. Was it Brahms, Berlioz, Respighi, or Verdi? The silence was broken by the combined scribbling of a thousand pencils scratching printed score-cards. Monitors stood watching each group in order to obviate cheating. The final score-cards were to be turned in, checked, and judged. The winning groups of adolescents and adults would then be awarded prizes, be publicly acclaimed, and return home to clip their group pictures from the rotogravure section of Sunday newspapers and to hang them alongside the picture of their graduating class banked on the steps of a chapel or of a gymnasium. It is no doubt a desirable accomplishment to be able to distinguish, without the aid of a program, between the music of Mozart and Mendelssohn, of Strauss and Stravinsky. But why has it occurred to no one that if such training is an important effort in education, it is equally important to enable these same groups to distinguish by ear a scene of Shakespeare from one by Marlowe, a tirade by Shaw from one of Molière's, an apostrophe by Euripides from one of Racine's?

Strangely enough, despite the fact that there has been no sign within the last decade that this country can breed an important operatic composer, the opera house remains the golden goal of private endowment when it considers theatrical enterprises. The American composer of opera must be enticed out of his hiding-place at all costs. But American playwrights who have already proved themselves

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to be among the original and creative artists of this generation must either write smash hits or revive their dramatic talent in Hollywood. Whenever that tenderest of annuals, an American opera, opens at the Metropolitan Opera House, the New York *Times* fills columns, often on the front page, with ecstatic eulogies and prognostications. Here obviously is the theatrical event for which America is waiting. But when a play without music, such as *Strange Interlude* or *Mourning Becomes Electra*, opens, the *Times*, with the aid of a convenient directory on its last page, enables the habitual theatre-goer to find its critic's comments wedged in the usual page 24 or 31.

A Genuinely National Theatre

The first step toward rehabilitating the theatre in this country will be made when the wealthiest citizens of such centers of wealth as Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco, and at least ten other large cities decide to devote as much money and energy to building and running a theatre as they now do to running art museums and symphony orchestras. No great amount of research would be needed in order to plan these theatres and their technical equipment. Twenty years of experiment in Germany have made plain what combination of sinking, sliding elevator-stages are the most efficient aids to scene-setting and scene-shifting. Given any first-rate architect in each of these cities and an advisory board consisting, let us say, of designers such as Jones, Bragdon, Urban, or myself, such technicians as Monroe Pevear of Boston or Stanley McCandless of Yale, the representative of one or more manufacturers of remote-control switchboards, and one foreign technical director of the type of Hasait or Linnebach, not many months would be required in order to establish the structure of a playhouse that could be easily converted to suit the needs of any school of direction or stage-setting, where with the minimum of manual labor one could stage realistic or poetic spectacles that ran to forty scenes if necessary behind a proscenium or on a forestage that projected into the audience. This forestage, being the platform of an electric elevator, could be sunk out of sight when not in use or raised for symphony concerts, visiting recitalists, dance programs, pageants, and spectacles. A large auditorium seating two or three thousand and a smaller one seating between five hundred and one thousand persons would make every variety of experiment or revival possible in repertory.

Such theatres could be run on strictly professional lines. They would attract the surplus of able actors now chronically unemployed in New York and directors as capable as our present orchestral conductors. These theatres' workshops for designing, building, and painting stage settings would very quickly become classrooms for the nearest university where courses in dramatic production were given, then training-schools where graduates could develop professional assurance, and eventually laboratories for æsthetic and technical experiments of every kind. If twenty such playhouses existed, New York's art theatres as well as its best Broadway producers would bid for the privilege of playing to assured audiences on stages so well equipped that they did not have to drag along on tour tons of unnecessary equipment. A central board of directors for this group of theatres could take its pick of each season's Broadway successes and set a standard of production that it would pay the most commercial manager to shoot at. They would also have a commanding influence in the play-market provided they organized their audiences on a season's subscription basis as they now do for opera and concerts and as the Theatre Guild has done in New York. For they would then be able to assure any playwright of twenty to forty weeks of performances in a chain of civic theatres. We might within a few years see plays tested on this new "road" and then come to New York if they were successful enough to warrant the increased production-costs and the high rentals of Broadway. The best Broadway successes would tour twenty cities, and successes discovered in Detroit or San Francisco could move to Broadway for a lucrative run. In any case there would be a continuous and healthy circulation of drama throughout the country.

Winthrop Ames first outlined to me such a basis for a genuinely national theatre, but unfortunately, and mistakenly I think, at the time he no longer felt himself young enough to organize the project himself. But he too was well aware of the fact that the theatre is none the less an art because it is forced to survive as

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a modern industry. For that reason standardization of these allied theatres would be essential as far as their electrical and mechanical equipment is concerned. A successful production in one city could then be sent to another after its first run of a few weeks by shipping nothing more than the stage settings. Whatever system of scene-shifting was adopted would be uniform throughout all these theatres and thus reduce both rehearsal time and rehearsal costs to a minimum. Any light-plot could be reproduced on identical lighting apparatus already in place and be rehearsed in a few hours. The pooling, not only of these but of all other resources, if intelligently planned and controlled, should result in economies great enough to make large sections of good but cheap seats available at every performance or allow a certain number of popularly priced performances per week that would bring back into the theatre the thousands who are already bored with the routine repetition of erotopriggery in the talkies. In fact the directors of this chain of civic art theatres would be in a strategic position not only in regard to plays but also in regard to films. They could easily fill their houses one or two nights a week with moving pictures like *Le Million*, *Prince Achmed*, or Eisenstein's *General Line*, which a local distributor would not dare to risk putting on for a week's run.

What Could Be Expected of It

This would not be heaven. It would still be half-past one in the afternoon. No miraculous rehabilitation of the theatre would be accomplished overnight or even in the course of a few years. At the outset the level of taste displayed by the directors of endowed civic theatres in regard to new material might easily be worse than Broadway's at its best. Hypocrisy is still a national virtue; mass production of bigots is the one American industry that seems to thrive through every economic depression. The belief is still current outside of our largest cities that the theatre must pay no more attention to unpleasant facts than propagandists hired by the electric power trust devote to concealed assets, that plays can uplift the morals of a community by resolutely pretending that the sexual act is practiced in a state of amnesia automatically induced among those members of the community legally entitled to set up housekeeping. The taboos and timidities, the pruriences and pseudo-purities, of clergymen, temperance advocates, Christian sewing-circles, moralists, evangelists, and uplifters of all sorts, who have bedeviled local politics with false issues, might for a time fasten on the theatre. The present stranglehold of Catholic censorship on the Boston theatres, exercised through Irish office-holders, is a sample of the worst that we can expect. The organized browbeating of every generous social program that has been carried into the endowed university might be felt in the endowed theatre. Magnificent stages, once built, might be given over to national security pageants and anti-Communist pantomimes, or be filled with the dances of high-school nymphs who never fled from a satyr.

Nevertheless the theatre by appealing to its audiences with a uniquely direct and pervasive eloquence has a way of circumventing dogmatic restraints, in common with the other arts. Endowed art museums do show nude statues with impunity; the programs of endowed orchestras are not limited to Handel's oratorios and Bach's *Passion;* Rabelais as well as Ruskin can, with more or less difficulty, be obtained at endowed public libraries. Rationally organized opportunities to hear music, see paintings, or read books, freed from the cupidities of private competition, tend to get better music performed, better paintings appreciated, and better books read. A nationally organized theatre would eventually acquire its own momentum and give vent to the criticism and dissent of vast sections of our population that are at present inarticulate because they have no ready outlet for expression. The hypocrisies of our present-day political, economic, and religious codes might easily be discredited in a circuit of civic playhouses before a public that is now listless or confused after listening to the debates of state senates, city aldermen, and local trade-unions.

The vitality of present-day American playwrighting is such that it may possibly survive every present handicap. To many, *laissez-faire* will seem the wisest policy. But it has been found disastrous as a means of assuring us of a regular quota of food and shelter. The theatre, if it is to escape its cycles of hysterical inflations and depressions like those of farming and manufacturing, will have to organize itself

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and relate itself to the community as a whole on an economic basis so sound that American plays can be produced regularly enough to nourish a national culture. American playwrights will not suddenly develop the vigor of Aeschylus or of Shakespeare because they are given the opportunity to fill an architectural stage designed by Oskar Strnad or Frank Lloyd Wright. Like the playwrights of every other country, they write not for theatres but for audiences. They will not react to the presence or the absence of a proscenium arch as they will to the stimulus provided by assured audiences of two thousand a night in twenty or thirty cities of the country, for whom they can write in one set or forty, for a cast of five or a cast of five hundred, without being inhibited by the thought of production-costs that cannot yield a speculator's profit on the inflated values of congested building-lots in the country's largest city. If poetry is to be reborn in the American theatre it will, I believe, rise to the opportunity of addressing permanently organized, nation-wide audiences who have been made habitual theatre-goers. In the smaller auditorium of each civic theatre the American playwright who is creative would have an opportunity to experiment with both form and subject-matter that he can find nowhere at present. In the larger auditoriums he would be tempted to raise his voice in order to be heard and in the process become something less of a reporter and something more of an orator. He might at the outset resort to bombast and rant, but in the end he would probably be driven to invent new myths if only to reach the gallery gods of established people's playhouses. He would, I think, do this more quickly by attempting to keep the interest of an actual, national audience than by attempting, as he does to-day, to satisfy the individual taste of a handful of New York theatrical managers, most of whom hope to make a fortune in six months.

A Word for the Colleges

by **RICHMOND C. BEATTY**

A GREAT deal of sentimental rot continues to be written about the American college — sentimental because whining, rot because false. This fact has become increasingly blatant since the students of big business methods and the professors of big business philosophy have learned, amid mutual distress, that their Philistine god had clay feet of the plainest kind — feet which under the blistering sun of depression cracked and crumbled and fell away.

Naturally, after this revelation, these disillusioned and impoverished worshipers have emerged with their economic lamentations, their Jeremiads. "We have been foully tricked," says Mr. George W. Condit ("A.B., Unemployed," May FORUM). They told us that university training would give us something no one could take away. They told us that such training would mean more in dollars and cents later on. Listening and believing gullibly, Mr. Condit and thousands like him made their pilgrimage to this new Eldorado, because there was something obviously alluring about its shaded lawns and marble columns, about its color and its clubs and its bustle. There was gold in its halls, or at any rate the secret of gold; and to find it one did not need to dress like a miner or toil like a pioneer. Men could reach it by making advertising layouts and listening to the wisdom of economic professors, crassly rich with bloated dividends in stocks and bonds. It was an easy way to wealth, the way of soft young men. And being soft young men, they followed it blindly.

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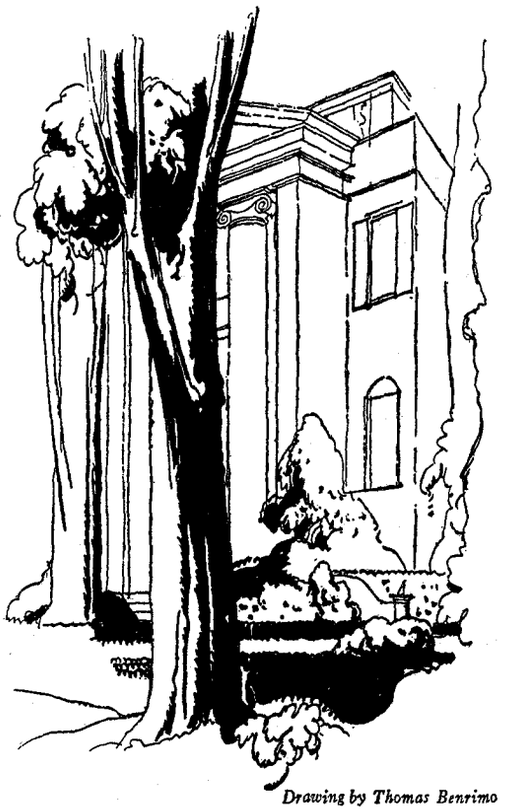
Professor Ballinger's strictures ("Spinster Factories," May FORUM), while in many instances more warped and hysterical, are perhaps after a general fashion more pertinent. By this I mean they embody complaints the average reader hears made with greater frequency and fury, if not with greater good sense: college does not prepare us for the actual business of living, we are told. Women's colleges proclaim that cerebration is all there is to happiness, that the flesh is something that ought constantly to be castigated, and that marriage is, after all, a despicable surrender of intelligence to a puling, bourgeois domesticity. Prim old maids behind horn-rimmed spectacles preach chastity to emaciated females. The theory of the ruined woman haunts them all in distorted dreams. Goldsmith's verses about the simple maiden who stoops to folly is their catechism, if not their sermon on the mount. Professor Ballinger has a strong ally in the comic movies, which have done much toward making the public accept this version of the average girls' school.



Drawing by Thomas Benrimo

But if the Professor's diagnosis is astonishing — it would be simply amusing if not urged with such pure vigor — his remedy must frankly give the reader serious pause. For he tells us, to quote his title, that women's colleges are spinster factories and, that being true, a healthy woman is foolish to go to one. They must be changed from within after the following manner.

Women should learn that healthy living implies physical as well as mental indulgence; in other words, matrimony. To further the emergence of this state, they should have eligible young males always within accessible distance of their dormitories. They should all take courses in the Department of Cosmetics and Beauty Culture. They should study under a professor of Etiquette. They should know something about music and the drama — an obvious sop to the present system. They should learn to dance. They should learn dietetics. They should emerge good men hunters, masters of essential weapons, hell-bent for wedlock and eugenic families.

One might remark in passing that every one of these subjects, with the exception of Cosmetics and Beauty Culture, is at present taught in every important college, coeducational or otherwise. The Professor would probably rejoin by saying that they aren't taught with sufficient thoroughness, that they are eclipsed in prestige by cultural subjects, looked down upon as something unrelated to the activity that goes on within the higher centers of the brain. The Professor, in brief, wants education to show greater practical, in the sense of outwardly measurable, results. He wants our students to give evidence of more concrete attainments in return for the time they have bargained away. They should acquire a veneer of manners, finishing-school fashion, which will disguise the fact that they are laboring in the throes of the mating impulse.

Yet one wonders whether the average chorus girl would not deserve a diploma, if proficiency in these particulars gave her the right to claim one. Her training in theatrical make-up tends to undisputed mastery in the subject of cosmetics and beauty culture. Her experience in sophisticated musical comedy teaches her the formalities of etiquette. She has to know something of rhythm and music — of modern music, at any rate. Her life is lived in the shadows of the drama. She makes her way in the world by dancing. And she is compelled to know and practice the sanest dietetics, or she will lose her figure and with it her job.

II

THE COMPLAINT with both Mr. Condit and Professor Ballinger is that the one desired and the other now asks for a relatively complete, materialistic education. The former

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sought proficiency in what was, at bottom, a mechanical occupation. I doubt whether he ever realized the meaning of what the old-timers told him about college giving something that no one could take away. That something probably appeared as a sort of iron-clad bank account, a gilt-edged bond that in spite of fire and brimstone yielded its eight per cent at quarterly intervals. Economics was the only sensible study. Business was the only sensible career.

Poetry, literature generally, the study of philosophy, a wide acquaintance with history —what had Henry Ford known of these things? What did he care for them? What did they mean to him? Mr. Ford had been a go-getter. Mr. Ford had made his millions. The thing to do was to study his work, and the work of others like him, scientifically. The rewards thereof would be tangible. Schools of Business Administration, "the oldest of the arts and the latest of the professions," to quote President Lowell of Harvard, sprang up to take care of the march of these materialists across campuses dotted before their arrival only with pale, anæmic academicians. The universal college education movement was in flower. And the future was golden.

What these incipient specialists in the purchase and sale of bonds, in the cause and cure of depression cycles, would do after they received their degrees was simple. It would require possibly two years for the president of the ten-million-dollar corporation employing them to become overwhelmed with a sense of their real worth. After that they would be ten-thousand-a-year men with chauffeur, butler, and a place in the country. Later would come a share of the profits, yachts, and an heiress wife.

The fact that this sort of student is beginning to realize that he had no place in college, that college had nothing enduring to offer him, is one of the most salutary contributions of the depression to American thought. It is a fine thing, in other words, that the materialist is now complaining that his four years could have been spent to better advantage in learning a trade — that of "a carpenter, baker, mechanic, machinist, plumber," or perhaps even that of a farmer. They promised me star water; I have found that the drink was wormwood, he cries.

I am afraid that the deceit will prove good for him. It may teach him to do his own thinking in the future. It may teach him that *they* will always promise more than they perform, and that drifting with current thinking, listening to the catchwords of the sirens of the herd, means that ultimately he will find himself upon the rocks, wrecked and helpless. It may bring him, in brief, to wisdom — that despised, because always somewhat frayed and unopulent, divinity. But the fact that he, too, will become frayed himself, perhaps, and far from opulent, should make their delayed meeting cordial, like that of friends.

For the real gift which the traditional American college of liberal arts has had to offer the intelligent student has never been anything utilitarian, in the narrow sense of that term. In the face of the ever-swelling tide of Babbittry the liberal college has stood in principle for the good life, which is mainly the life intellectual. In proportion as educators have claimed that cultural training increases one's money-making powers, they have been guilty of apostasy. They have been guilty because they were thoughtless enough to believe that when, as a result of their claims, they attracted to college students who would listen to no other kind of argument, they would still be able to point *them* to the good life, as before they had pointed others unseduced by utilitarian aims.

They have not been successful in effecting this metamorphosis. They have succeeded only in luring to their halls dull and stupid and visionless material, material which no amount of intellectual hammering and pleading can ever hope to awaken. And at present, unless the materialists themselves wake up, as Mr. Condit did tardily, and stop going to college of their own accord, the educators may be in danger of losing their own ideals, simply because long contact with inferior classes may have led them to expect nothing fine and serious from any student.

III

It is a wretched story, this decline in academic standards which the present century is every day writing! The first two years of training in the average college or state university represents little more than a high school grade of work. This is traceable to the fact that the typical student can assimilate nothing more advanced than the work which is

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given him. If you tighten or increase your requirements, you fail him out. And if your percentage of failures mounts, the dean or the president soon asks why. Classroom mortality, like infant mortality, must be kept low, or there will be complaints which even legislatures will hear. And then there will be changes.

But this fact remains, and it is a fact which every educator should bear in mind and live by: the American liberal arts college is the only defense which has not already been successfully stormed by the forces of materialism. It is the only refuge at present for the ideal of the good life.

Yet though the college has not surrendered, many an ardent defender of it has been poisoned by insidious propaganda from without. One feels that Professor Ballinger has been poisoned when he says that we should prepare people to live relatively unintelligent, satisfied lives in the world to which we return them. The liberal arts college, be it for women only or for men only or coeducational, should, it seems to me, announce to all registrants something almost as uncompromising as this: "Our institution stands for the opposite of every prevailing materialistic ideal. If you believe in democracy, then we believe in an intellectual aristocracy. If you believe in wealth as a standard of success, then we believe in poverty. If you believe in industrialism, then we believe in agrarianism. We will damn your ideals and fight your ideas until we die. We will not compromise, because compromise, by treacherous degrees, must lead to final acquiescence. We will be martyrs."

I am afraid these extremes are necessary now; that is, unless the continuance of the depression solves the problem for us by making it clear to thousands of young men that a college degree will not light them far on the royal road to prosperity. The fact which Professor Ballinger seems to ignore is that once you slight the intellectual ideal you elevate, in all save the rarest minds, its opposite; that in modern society the goal of the scholar and the goal of the business man are so antagonistic as to be utterly irreconcilable; and that open war is all that can possibly exist between them.

The business man, spokesman of the world, is characteristically frank in his attitude, openly contemptuous of his foe, haughty, proud of his achievements. It remains for the scholar to realize and admit, in Meiklejohn's phrase, "that he is a student of the thinking of the world," and that his duty is to foster a faith in thinking, oblivious of uncritical criticisms. This, in turn, means that he must stand apart from the crowd, conscious always that its ways are not his ways, or its gods his gods. "His influence must be the saving grace of liberal insight and appreciation in the midst of a civilization which is too busy with its machinery to escape being specialized, cruel, and dull."

IV

It is thus that the quiet human being who seeks to live the good life is now forced, in spite of himself, to be militant. Ruskin could not paint while thousands in England were starving, nor could Carlyle translate German poetry, nor could Arnold write literary essays. The man who desires to be true to his finest ideals will perhaps always be beset in one way or another by evil. On the one hand, if he cultivates his mind seriously and assiduously he will find that the greater part of the world and its blandishments are lost to him. What society enjoys, he will find empty. Like De Quincey when in his opium dreams, he will be stared at, hooted at, and ridiculed at every turn. Unless he happens to find himself living in the best university centers, where there are kindred minds dedicated to his own ideals, a completely social way of living will be impossible.

And on the other hand, he will realize, too, that the good life itself is, after all, something that can be known only approximately. The truth he stumbles on blindly, gropingly, will all too often be so veiled in obscurity as to appear unreal and empty, like the wandering fires that led away the knights of King Arthur and wasted his court. Knowledge will not bring the ultimate happiness, nor will wisdom bring the ultimate revelation. This will be true even — rare interval — when the knowledge in question has the sanction of certainty.

All this is simply another way of saying that we live in a contingent world. But granting that, it seems the better to bespeak our all-too-often-questioned nobility if somewhere in that world there stands a group, admittedly microscopic, dedicated to the cultivation of that force which chiefly glorifies our nature — the human mind.

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Banker's Hours

by **ETHEL HEPBURN**

I

THE LETTER slipped to the desk from impotent fingers, lay open there a moment, and then began to close, slowly, along the lines where it had been folded. The man watched in sick fascination, feeling the letter folding in upon himself, upon the bank, and upon the town. White paper walls, closing in ruinously upon everything.

There were three demands set forth below that all-authoritative title, "Department of Commerce — Division of Banking." Only three demands. Probably, considering everything, they were reasonable enough, too. The building association bonds must go; he must get new collateral immediately for the loan which had been secured by them. Where would Stiver get new collateral now? You might as well ask him to bring in the moon. Then the second mortgage on the Botts Building. No doubt it was true that on the present market the building would not bring even the amount of the first mortgage. Still, two bank examiners had come and gone since that mortgage had been in the bank, and they hadn't said anything about it. They *would* get technical now; now that the camel's back hardly needed another straw. Finally, he was to replace the Hauman Investment Company bonds, immediately, in the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars. Somewhere inside him a grim smile did not quite succeed in moving his stiff lips. Replace them. Just like that. Just replace them. Well, he might, if they would let him use twenty-five hundred nice new buttons. . . .

Drawing by Doris Spiegel

The letter rested, not quite folded. He leaned and pressed it shut with a brass tray of dead cigarettes. He took a fresh one from a brass box, lighted it, flung up suddenly from his chair, and strode over to the window. He stood there staring out over the funny, bumpy little square, where the farmers parked their cars or, if they were old-timers, hitched their rigs. Beyond the square the low hills pushed down upon the town. In another moment he wheeled, and went back to his desk. He pushed aside the tray, spilling ashes and blackened stubs over the blotting pad. . . . It was the same letter, all right. Everything he thought was in it was there. He folded it and slipped it in his pocket. Deep in an inner pocket.

Who was that knocking? An icicle ran along his back; he turned to face the door, to face the enemy. How silly to be startled. It was young Treat, of course. Gentleboy. Where, in Penfield, had he learned to knock before coming through a door? He was bringing in some letters. "The interest letters, sir." Those sirs at the end of his sentences, clicked off so casually, like a period. You couldn't buy that way of saying sir, not in a hundred years. You couldn't even buy, perhaps, getting used to hearing it said to yourself. You could only reach for a desk pen and sign your name, H. Theodore Pertle, H. Theodore Pertle, over and over; not reading the letters, but knowing none the less that they were more suave, simpler, more direct and sincere than anything you could have written in a hundred years.

Strange, how awkward a fellow could feel, just signing his name. Young Treat didn't

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watch; he stood a little to one side, looked diffidently out of the window. H. Theodore Pertle, H. Theodore Pertle. Such a young head he had, with soft up-turning hair, and the skin at the back of his neck was soft as a girl's. It would be too bad for him, if the bank went under. Still, nothing would ever be too bad for him, really. You couldn't see a kid like him hanging his head; you couldn't see him, lost in a crowd, tramping streets and streets and streets looking for a job. There would always be a place, somewhere, for a kid that said sir as easy as breathing.

H. Theodore Pertle, H. Theodore Pertle. There, that was the last. Lousy handwriting, he had. And wasn't Pertle a heck of a name? Fourteen guests to-night, Pertle, and the white wine with the fish, or whatever they said to butlers; it was a butler's name. Young Treat didn't snatch up the letters. He wouldn't, until he was dismissed.

Pertle gestured them away. "Good work, Bob."

The boy smiled, leaning to gather them with a strongly slender, a sure hand. He was going. . . .

Pertle said, halting those elkskin and rather childish shoes, "McNulty go out to Stiver's?"

Was there a flick of surprise in the answer, in that "Yes, sir." Of course he knew where his cashier was. What was there to say, what could you say to a "Yes, sir" like that? He said nothing, and after a moment the elkskin shoes went out of the door.

Back at the window, looking out at April. April was breathing newly down the hills. It would be a shame to have to go away before the three apple trees back of the hotel, that filled his room with such a sweet breathing for a little season, were in blossom. He must be going crazy, at that, thinking about apple blossoms, with all he had to think about. Twenty-five hundred dollars. Where was he to get it? Suppose young Treat, with his gentle persuasiveness, could get in every delinquent penny that people owed the bank, would it be enough? And would it be in time? Those letters, now. . . . H. Theodore Pertle, H. Theodore Pertle. Could there be power, persuasion in letters signed by that name?

Alicia claimed (she would), that Pertle was a proud name; that Pertles traced their landed ancestry back to the early days in England. Alicia spelled it Pyrtle, lately; if that was an improvement. Still, you had to hand it to Lissie, she hadn't done so badly. She had one of the best librarian jobs in the state of Iowa, anyway. What a fight that girl had put up to get to college, and to stay there. Alicia wouldn't give up, ever. If she had to have twenty-five hundred dollars, for instance, she would conjure it out of somewhere, just by the sheer force of her will. Where did she get that determination, that hard, almost barren, almost unlovely will?

What were they born from, anyway, he and she? All he knew was that Dad had come up to Bainbridge from Saint Paul when the railroad was young. Dad had been a pioneer, of a sort; a hard-driven, hard-driving pioneer. It had tickled Dad to have a son in a bank. How he used to strut, and say, "my son, the banker over to Penfield. . . ." It was a good thing, maybe, that Dad was gone, now.

Ma, what had she been like, really? She had been dead so long. Funny, Ma had died of T.B. right in the very pines where they built the San, years and years later, to cure people of it. Dad had come north for that, mostly, but it hadn't done any good. What was there, back in the shadows of him, about her? He didn't feel her, he didn't know her at all. Just that she was kind — sort of meaching and kind. And why had she always been bound to call him Henry? He hated the name Henry. No one in Penfield knew what that "H" in his name was for. They called him Ted, in this town, all his friends, that is. The young fellows around the town, and in the country, too, for that matter. They all called him Ted. Hi, Ted. Howdy, Ted.

God, he'd hate going away. He'd have to go down to the cities, probably, if the bank went under. It made you a little sick in the stomach, thinking about being swallowed up by the cities. Up here he was a person. He mightn't be much, but in Penfield it was enough to make him a person. That movie, "The Crowd." That was it; that's the way it was. In times like these, walking city streets, looking and looking for a job. Where could he get twenty-five hundred dollars? To say nothing of realizing on that second mortgage, and getting Stiver to bring him the moon. Talk about frozen assets, it was blood that was being frozen, blood and marrow.

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II

He dropped a cigarette end, and rubbed it out with his shoe. When he looked up, Gaspard Bogue was driving into the square. There was something about the way Gaspard drove that little Ford of his, so gayly, with such a dash. And he always stopped like that, with a grand flourish, as if he were pulling up a champing steed. There, now, was a man, one man whose blood wasn't being frozen. It put a little life into a fellow just to watch him swing out over the door. And it was comical, the way the car seemed to get feeble, as soon as he got out of it. See Gaspard driving down Main Street, his car looked crotchety, but full of vigor; as soon as he swung out of it, it was so battered and anæmic-looking you wouldn't believe it could get him home again.

What was there about the fellow, anyway? Look how he smiled, catching sight of his friend in the window, lighting up like a candle in a soft flame of friendliness and warmth. Who smiled like that at another human being, any more? It was practically embarrassing. He was, of course, nothing but a great hulking farm boy. He'd never been to school, except maybe a few winters at some Sisters' School, out beyond the Ridge there, somewhere. The fellow could hardly sign his name. Yet he was no fool, he certainly was no fool. A tree can't sign its name, or a mountain. And Gaspard was as right, as real as that; he made you think of those things.

Out there, on the Ridge, Gaspard farmed land that had been his father's, and his father's father's; he lived in a house that was old, and right; a house that had grown roots too. But there was nothing old about the way he farmed. Five county agents brought visitors across five counties to see his dairy barns; his buildings had been photographed by a farm journal as models of convenience, of effectiveness. And if that wasn't proof enough, he had twenty-five hundred dollars, more or less, on deposit in this bank. Twenty-five hundred dollars. . . . He would be coming in, surely. He never came to town without stopping at the bank.

There he was; that was his merry boom to which young Treat was answering with laughter. He strode through the door like all April coming in, so oncomingly that the papers on the desk fluttered, and he passed them, and was over at the window, before you could say, "Hi, Bogue." His velvety dark eyes looked deeply in. When he said "How are you?" you felt he wanted to know, really wanted to know. His hand was warm and hard, and didn't fall off yours quickly. He hadn't an accent, exactly, but that wasn't ordinary Minnesota talk, either — the way the words went out and in, the ringing cadence, the openness of his voice in this room, where so many words came guardedly out of mean little mouths. And the great boom of his laughter. . . .

"You think it funny, no? You think it a joke a man should come to ask the banker if the bank is sound? But look, Ted, over on the Ridge the old ones have been talking, talking. Everywhere you go, someone is talking. Nothing much to say; just one word here, another word there. Like little flies, stinging. And I got very tired of all their talking and talking. So I said to myself: Gaspard, go into Penfield, now, at once, and ask Ted Pertle. Ted will tell you what is true. Ask Ted and he will tell you."

It was really happening. It was really being said in this room, to him. He felt sick, dizzy and sick. The coffee at the Penfield House was terribly strong, he must cut it out. It was terrible to feel so dizzy and sick, and to have to sit, smiling into bottomless black eyes and trying to laugh, lightly. His laugh was like a stage villain's — couldn't the man realize it was? He shut his eyes, briefly, with the effort of his ugly laughter. "You're good, Bogue, you know you're good! I'll have to write this up for the *National Journal of Banking*, I really will. But you can make yourself easy, Bogue, you can make yourself easy, boy. This bank is as sound as a nut. You hear? It's as sound as a nut. . . ."

The silence licked its lips; it peered out of the corners, around the filing cases, obscenely. The man unfolded the great length of him, his hand shot out. "By God, Ted, I'm glad you're all right, boy. You know, the way things are all over the country, I didn't know how you were making it. But I sure am glad you're all right. Come out and have lunch with me, will you, Ted?"

No, he couldn't do that. "I'm terribly sorry, Bogue, but I've got to get over to Dewey before the bank closes, and that'll take some tall driving, as it is. I was just leaving when I saw you coming in. You see how it is, don't you,

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boy? There's nothing I'd rather do than go with you, you know that, don't you, fellow? I wish I hadn't made this appointment with old Marklin." How could the man not know that his voice was hollow, that it was coming up out of a great hole that was all there was to him. Gaspard's voice was as whole and steady as God's. "Sure, sure, I understand. Run along, fellow. Don't mind about me. I'll just stop and talk to Mister Treat here, that'll be all right, won't it? Sure, see you again soon. Run along, boy. See you soon."

Well, what could he have done? What could a banker do, in such a case? He backed his car furiously into the road. No, not out that way; he had said he was going to Dewey, so he would have to start in that direction. Anyone else would have done the same. Anyone on God's earth would have said just what he had said.

Not anyone, not Gaspard Bogue. Oh, Bogue. Asking a question like that. Of course he wouldn't; he wouldn't ever be in a position where he would have to. He hadn't brains enough to be a banker, or any other kind of a business man. That wasn't strictly true, was it? It wasn't brains Bogue lacked. He hadn't any schooling, of course, but that wasn't it. It was opportunism he lacked, it was sophistry. He lacked the bitter will to dominate, and to possess.

Oh, stop thinking about him; why couldn't he stop thinking about the great goof? Imagine asking a man a question like that! What answer could there be? Besides, the bank wasn't closed yet. Banks had been in worse straits and pulled through. What could he have done? What could he have said? We can't all be Gaspard Bogues. We can't all have a little piece of land; there wouldn't be enough. Or would there? If each of our hundred million had a little piece, would there be enough? Anyway, that would be Socialism, or anarchy, or some of those things. And of course it wouldn't work. Some smart fellow would have most of it in a couple of years. There would have to be a different breed of men for those things to work. And you couldn't change human nature. Or could you? Wasn't it already changed, in some men? Wasn't it, in Gaspard Bogue?

Here, already, was Dewey. Another Penfield, another scraggly little town, running along another scraggly street. You read about towns nestling in hills. There were hills all around Penfield, and Dewey, too; but the towns didn't nestle in them. The hills had merely pushed the towns off their laps; the hills repudiated the scraggly little towns. He didn't stop in Dewey, not even for gas. He would get gas at old man Tracy's chicken shack, a couple of miles out on the road to Porter. He would go home by way of Porter, by the river. He drove out along the river road. All there was was the river. Tumble-down shacks and sunken-in boat landings made it dreary, and the trees were practically all gone; only broken and scraggly sticks of trees were left along the shores. The town was as stark as either of the others.

III

Now he was heading home. Running away from himself, and running home with himself. If you could call Penfield his home. His home was a room in the Penfield House, and it was comfortable enough; it held a rack full of his neckties, a dresser full of shirts and underwear and socks, his brushes on the dresser on a tray, and beside the tray a bottle of Eau de Cologne and his tooth brush holder and paste, his shaving things and some talcum powder; in the closet were his two other suits, and his overcoat, and hunting clothes and boots and all his shoes and his laundry hamper. And up in some fourth floor corner a trunk, practically empty, was gathering dust, and beside it was an empty oxford bag. That was his home. That, and the deep soft chair in the lobby that was his by courtesy.

Yet he would hate to leave this home of his, if the bank failed. It was as much home as he had. And there was a garden at the back, and three apple trees. Too bad if he should have to leave before they blossomed. He drove around to the back of the hotel, walked in through the garden, under the trees. Slowly, for there was a pale greenness in the trees, that naked, new green of trees in spring, and an evening earthiness came up from the ground.

He was almost too tired to eat. Mrs. Wing herself served him, and asked him, solicitously and respectfully, if he had had a hard day. He looked up at her, startled. Mrs. Wing was a square and vigorous sixty; her iron-gray hair was cut short, like a man's. People told him it had always been that way, that it was on account of some fever; you knew, at least, that it was not cut that way because it had been a

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fashion. Her eyes were gray as they were kind, and he shook his head. "Just middling," he said, "I drove a long ways." She smiled a quick, bright smile. "It was a nice day for driving," she said. And when he nodded, and smiled, she added, "I saw you coming in through the garden. The trees look real pretty now, and tender, don't they? 'Twon't be long, now, till they'll be in bloom." "No," he said, "it won't be long now."

That chair of his in the lobby was molded to fit his weariness, but to-night it was hard to give himself to it, to sink in it and be still. He was too tired to read; at least he was too tired to read that sorry book, that last book which Mrs. Wing's daughter had brought home from the library for him. If he had something laughing, now, and kind, to read.

Suddenly there was McNulty, beside his chair. He felt dizzy again, and sick, and he hadn't taken any coffee to-night, either. Why should he feel so cold and sick just because McNulty had come into the hotel? There was no reason why he shouldn't come in; it was a public place. Only, he didn't, ever. He was a very much-married young man, and they lived in a little cottage out toward Porter, almost to the river. He hadn't, probably, been in the Penfield House since he was married.

It was hard to say, "Hi, there, Mac, how's everything?" It was harder still, when Mac didn't answer, not to shout at him, "Sit down, boy, sit down." Then, as Mac didn't either answer, or immediately sit down, he did almost shout. "Is anything wrong, man? Is anything wrong?" McNulty sat down, then, consideringly.

He couldn't figure out how much McNulty knew of their situation. Not that there was a thing crooked at the bank, to hide from him. They were just in a hole; they were in a hole not of their own digging, either. A hole called frozen assets. There were too many second mortgages on farms which could not, now, bring even the amount of their first mortgages. And even your good firsts, on top hole land — you couldn't do anything with them, you couldn't realize, you couldn't hand them out in exchange for withdrawal slips. McNulty, of course, knew all the books of the bank, saw all of the correspondence (except this letter, deep in a pocket, that he hadn't seen); he knew each individual deal, in detail, even. But what did he make of the whole picture? How capable was he of summing up the situation? He didn't know, and it was not knowing that cracked a man's nerves. They were cracking now.

"My God, McNulty, has something happened? Is anything wrong?"

McNulty had a soft, soft Irish voice. "I don't know, boss; I don't know that anything is wrong. Only to-day, while you were out, and while I was out to Stiver's, Gaspard Bogue, from over on the Ridge, you know, came in and drew out about twenty-two hundred dollars."

Pertle felt himself fainting deep into his chair; he struggled to free his shoulders, to lift them in a casual shrug. "His money, wasn't it?"

"Sure, boss; sure, it was his money. Only I just wondered what would happen next. Those Ridge people do just about as Gaspard Bogue says. If he told them to draw their money out, they'd all be here before sundown."

As if it mattered, now, how soon they came. Gaspard hadn't, then, believed him; he wasn't so simple, so much of a fool, as he had seemed. "Well," with another shrug, for McNulty was waiting for a word, "what can we do about it, fellow? Can't cross that bridge until we come to it, can we?" McNulty sat there, withdrawn, thoughtfully silent. What was he thinking behind those neat, thin glasses, behind those crinkly Irish blue eyes? "Drive you home?" It was only a half-hearted offer. He didn't want to drive any more to-day; he didn't want, above all, to have to talk to anyone.

McNulty rose, then, briskly, as if he had shaken off whatever burden he brought in with him. "No, thanks," he said brightly, "Eva's in at the Gordons'; they want us to play a little bridge. So I'll be going along, boss, thanks just the same. Good-night."

"Good-night, McNulty. Give my regards to Eva. And thanks for coming in." He should be thanked for that. He rose in sudden panic. "By the way, Mac," idly, casually, "did he give any reason? Did Bogue give any reason?"

McNulty turned back brightly, his face was already wiped clean of apprehension, it was amused. "Yes, he did, boss. He said he was going out and close a deal for another piece of land. Bob says he told it as if he was buying the crown jewels. But, say, can you beat this, boss? Bob says Bogue told him he wouldn't have drawn out the money, wouldn't have gone

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through with the deal, if it had been true, what the folks over on the Ridge were hinting, that the bank was shaky. He says he asked you, and you said the bank was sound as a nut, so he felt he could draw out his money." A deep, appreciative chuckle tumbled from McNulty's words; his eyes glinted behind his glasses at the rare joke. "He's a nut himself, isn't he boss?"

Why hadn't he stayed in the chair? In a minute he'd be keeling over. He closed his eyes briefly, opened them bold and full upon his cashier. "You mean you think he's a nut to believe the bank is sound?" he demanded.

McNulty bristled, outraged in every loyalty. "Oh no, boss. I mean, he's a nut to think we'd believe that he'd leave his money in, if he believed there was any danger. I mean. . . ."

"All right, Mac," his voice seemed to be coming from a long way off, and he backed toward his chair, keeping his face set in an easy smile, "All right, Mac. I know what you mean. Run along to that bridge game, now. And thanks for coming in. Good-night."

It was a long way up those stairs. He'd better sit down a little while.

A City on a Budget

by **C. A. DYKSTRA**
City Manager of Cincinnati

CINCINNATI has a long tradition of civic coöperation in educational, cultural, musical, welfare, and public service fields. It is proud of its university, its museums, its conservatories and musical organizations, its welfare agencies, and of its publicly-owned utility enterprises. It is proud, too, of its place in history as the first considerable urban settlement west of the Alleghenies.

It was this pride and this spirit that found expression ten years ago in the movement to modernize the city's election processes and its charter. In 1925 the voters approved a charter which provided for the election of a small council by proportional representation (quota voting rather than majority voting) and the appointment of a chief administrator called a City Manager. At one stroke this charter did two things — it freed the independent voter and made possible the election of a Council which owed no local allegiance to a national political party. It gave the citizen a chance to express himself on purely local political questions and still retain his old party allegiance for state and national action.

Second, the charter made unnecessary the campaigning for and the election of the chief administrative officer of the city. The elected Council took over the responsibility of choosing a City Manager and watching his performance. The City Manager is thus removed from political processes and implications and serves the city rather than a dominant party. His appointments are his own, except that for the vast majority of places to be filled the Civil Service Commission submits a list of three eligibles who have qualified for appointment. The non-partisan and non-political character of the Commission, as well as the absolute integrity of its work, is unquestioned.

What are the practical governmental and administrative results of the new deal at the Cincinnati City Hall? It is now six and a half years since the "Charter Movement" began to affect municipal administration. The city has elected four Councils in that time, and two Managers have been appointed — Colonel C. O. Sherrill, who held office for more than four years, and the writer, who was chosen in June, 1930.

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First of all, it should be noted that there has been a tremendous revival of civic spirit and enthusiasm. Citizens do not apologize for their government or view it with tolerant apathy or cynicism as they did for many years. The women of Cincinnati by the thousands have become active working citizens, taking part in local political campaigns in a fashion that astonishes visitors and outsiders. Thus it is apparent that the city has an alert and intelligent citizenry, the very first and most important requisite of competent local government.

Golden Rules for City Government

Given a watchful electorate, several other factors are necessary for effective municipal operation:

1. Duplications of effort, the crossing of the lines of responsibility, and the use of more employees than necessary for administrative purposes tend to perpetuate political operations as distinguished from the operations of municipal business.

2. A thoroughgoing system of budget making and budgetary control is of prime importance to our cities. Budgets must be balanced when made and then they must stay balanced through the budget period. If or when revenues fall off, the spending belt must be pulled in to meet the drop in income.

3. There must be provision for a planned capital expenditure program or the revenues for day to day operation will be eaten up by the demands for constantly increasing interest and amortization charges.

4. Careful purchasing and contract-making, together with scientific testing, are of the essence of sound administration. In Cincinnati standard specifications and open bidding prevent the padding of municipal costs.

5. A sound and defensible system of personnel administration is indispensable. Municipal costs are in a large degree made up of salaries and wages. Almost everywhere the leak at this spigot is challenging. Some day we will all agree that no system of personnel management is sound that does not provide security for the worker.

6. There must be no place at the City Hall where special favors are dispensed or where privilege is bought and sold. Every citizen is entitled to prompt, courteous, and efficient service. Each is a customer as well as a citizen, and the city government is in overwhelming proportion a *dispenser of public services rather than a regulating or governing institution.*

7. Operations at City Hall must be on the table, above board, where all can see. Every facility for getting accurate and immediate information on public matters must be afforded to the press or any other news agency.

8. Public business must be conducted on a service-at-cost basis and not on a cost-plus basis.

9. Public officials must make clear to the public through adequate reports what are the exact costs of the services rendered. If these costs are excessive, officials are to blame. If the services demanded are too voluminous, then the public is to blame, and taxes should not be condemned.

10. It should be writ large in every city that those in public positions are employees and agents of the electorate and that they have no license to prey upon the public or to seek or obtain any privilege that they are not entitled to as citizens. Nor should public employees be allowed in any direct or indirect way to participate in the field of partisan politics before or after elections.

11. An alert and open-minded press which is willing to tell the story of public operations frankly, freely, and without bias is essential.

Cincinnati is fortunate in having the advantages set down above, all the way from the item, "a watchful electorate," down through the item, "a fair and competent press." The city could not have maintained itself through this difficult period without the interest and aid of both. Because the factors mentioned have come into conjunction, Cincinnati has achieved distinction as a well-run municipality.

The Marks of Good Government

The pertinent question which any reader may ask is "What are the marks of good government? By what standards do we judge administrative excellency?" My answer is — quality of service, cost of service, public satisfaction, and comparative adjusted statistics. Now what about Cincinnati?

Cincinnati is well paved, clean, has excellent park and recreational facilities (which are increasing in scope), runs a municipal university

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with 12,000 students, a general hospital, collects and incinerates all refuse and garbage, and furnishes pure water in abundance. There are no rackets or racketeers; the city has had no riots or public disturbances during the current difficulties, and it guarantees the right to all groups to assemble peaceably and discuss grievances with the utmost freedom.

Crime statistics. The police force is equipped with a central radio dispatching service and except in the downtown area is completely motorized. As cities go, and according to those who measure police adequacy by the number of officers per thousand inhabitants, the police force is the smallest among cities of comparable size. The area of Cincinnati, an important item in policing, is larger than that of Cleveland, a city with twice the population.

The record of the Cincinnati police in 1932 to date — a year of significant policing difficulties as compared with 1931 — shows a decrease in murder, manslaughter, robbery, burglary, and auto theft, and an increase only in assault and larceny; this was accomplished with a police force numbering fifty fewer men than a year ago.

The figures in the field of public safety are just as significant. Deaths by autos are considerably under last year's figures.

A study of fire services and fire losses among American cities for 1931 indicates that the fire force is far and away the smallest among comparable cities, and so are the per capita fire losses. Meanwhile, practically every building in the city was inspected during the year to discover fire hazards and have them eliminated. Cincinnati has had four reductions in insurance premiums in recent years.

Public Health. Each succeeding year the city is establishing new low records in the field of communicable diseases. In the last three years 65,000 children have been immunized against diphtheria. In 1931 there were but seven resident deaths from this disease, two deaths from typhoid (both cases contracted outside of the city limits), and no deaths from smallpox. Public health nurses made 75,000 home visits and 8000 persons applied at the Health Center alone for complete physical examination.

Public Works in 1931. Despite hard times, the public works business ran as usual in Cincinnati. This was possible because of the five-year bond improvement program upon which the city operates. This program is in charge of a committee made up of the Chairman of the City Planning Committee, the Chairman of the Council Finance Committee, and the City Manager. It plans the city's capital expenditures in the light of the city's needs, the city's borrowing capacity, and with due reference to a stable or declining tax levy for bond purposes.

In order to watch public improvements on a county-wide basis, the City Committee is a part of a Joint Bond Program Committee in which the County and the School Board are also represented. Each of these local government units thus keeps in step with the others to see that the five-year program is maintained and the capital expenditures for the three areas stabilized.

The City has an active City Planning Commission and an official City Plan. All major improvements are passed on by the Commission. All subdivision plans are under its jurisdiction. During 1931 a complete new zoning ordinance was prepared and is about ready for passage. So, too, is a modern building code.

The Water Works established during 1931 a new high record for miles of new mains laid in a single year. At the same time it decreased its administrative costs and reduced the price of water, saving $300,000 to consumers the first year of the new rate.

These illustrations are given to indicate that the city government actually gave service to citizens in 1931 — as a matter of fact, increased its services appreciably. The electorate responded in November by returning to Council eight of the nine sitting members, an unusual election result for that year. Most cities turned out their prevailing majorities.

The Costs

At what cost were these services rendered to the people of Cincinnati? Are the costs for good or reasonable services out of proportion to like services rendered by other than governmental concerns? At this point we find difficulties, because no one can say what the taxpayer sets for his standard of price. Citizens have a right to ask that every service shall be at cost, that the budget remain balanced, and that the city's credit be kept unimpaired.

Should a reporter have come to the City

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Auditor on December 31, 1931 and asked for the cash balance in the Treasury he would have been given the figure $6,895,197.34. Had he asked for the balance in the General Fund (an operating fund), the figure would have been $183,658.63. This last amount in so far as budget control is concerned has its own importance, for it indicates that Cincinnati operated within its estimates and had all bills paid. Every municipal employee was paid in 1931, every bill discounted, every item of interest and every bond falling due was liquidated. Besides, the city reduced its bonded indebtedness during the year by almost three million dollars.

So much is being said at this time about the tremendous rise in our tax rates that the Cincinnati figures may be interesting. Ten years ago the levy for city purposes was $10.02 per thousand and the total levy, including the schools and the county, was $21.84. The rates for 1932, including the extra levy for unemployment relief, were $9.59 (city) and $20.70 (total). In 1922 the rate levied for debt retirement in the city was $4.72. To-day it is $2.89. It should be remembered in considering these rates that out of them Cincinnati supports two institutions that few cities maintain — a large and growing university, and a great hospital built upon the cottage or pavilion plan.

When compared with other cities in the United States these rates seem extremely low. The Buffalo Bureau of Municipal Research published recently statistics of eight cities' costs, running from cities the size of Syracuse to those with a population of a million inhabitants. This study showed that service for service, and excluding school costs, the average per capita costs were $27.96. It gave costs in Milwaukee as the highest ($33.65), and Cincinnati costs as the lowest ($22.99).

For the information of citizens of Cincinnati the City Manager on January 16, 1932, sent to each household an analysis of the city's expenditure program for the current year. This "throw-away" — it was delivered by Boy Scouts — analyzed the budget in terms of services and per capita costs. It indicated that the total overhead administrative costs of the city ran to less than three per cent of the total expenditures, and that the cost of the City Manager's office, for instance, is nine cents per capita. The heaviest item has to do with those functions of protection to persons and property. Here the per capita costs are $6.62, of which $2.91 goes to police and $3.01 to fire service. The protection of health and welfare runs up a total per capita cost of $5.99. In this service group are such items as waste collection and disposal, which costs $1.15 per capita; the hospital, costing $2.00 per capita; and parks and recreation, at 45 and 23 cents.

Cincinnati has one item of expenditure which needs special mention. It is one of the few American cities which operates an employees' retirement system. Most cities have police and fire pensions. In 1931 Cincinnati added a system for all employees, so that all may feel the same security which the uniformed service has had for many years. The per capita cost of this service, which includes workmen's compensation, runs to $1.57. The great bulk of this cost lies in the non-contributing pension systems of the Police and Fire Departments. The general employee system is set up on an actuarial basis and each employee contributes to its cost. The burden on the public for this particular item is twenty-two cents per capita.

It is fair to raise the question as to whether a city government which performs an infinite variety of services for its citizens is extravagant when it runs on a tax rate of 1 per cent of the assessed valuations. The citizen is usually willing to pay 6 per cent for the use of money. The City of Cincinnati is charging 1 per cent for what it does, and this 1 per cent includes the interest charges and payments on principal for all of the capital expenditure for public improvements. For 1932 it also includes a levy to help feed and clothe those who have been stranded in the present crisis of unemployment.

It seems to the writer that the experience of Cincinnati during the last few years indicates that an American city, by taking thought and through political agencies of its own making, can so modernize and rejuvenate its political and administrative processes that it can have the services it demands at reasonable costs. What Cincinnati has done other cities of any size can do if they but will. It requires only the continuous, active, and intelligent work of the conscientious citizens of the city. And it requires vision and the selfless devotion of those who know how to lead public opinion.

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Radio and the "American System"

by **CYRUS FISHER**

THE CANADIANS, unfortunate people, have had to turn to progressive nationalization of radio broadcasting. Canadian owners of broadcasting stations failed to display that unselfish devotion toward their public so remarkable in our own patriotic broadcasters. The Canadians were unable to understand the simple truth, repeatedly presented to the American public by conscientious public relations counsels, that privately owned stations really operate for the public good.

Here, at least, under the "American System," as it is proudly called by the Honorable Mr. H. A. Lafount of the Federal Radio Commission, we have many programs of great educational, moral, and institutional value. This fact is continually brought up every time our important radio executives defend private ownership, which, of late, is very often. It is therefore well worth while to turn to other than merely musical and dramatic radio entertainment and to offer these more profound creations of rugged private enterprise the critical appreciation their expense and enormous public influence must merit.

VENDORS OF PALLIATIVES

Station XER, "The Sunshine Station Between the Nations." Villa Acuna, Mexico, with remote control in Del Rio, Texas, and Milford, Kansas. 75,000 watts power. 735 kilocycles, cleared channel. A medium built to carry the instructive speeches of Doctor John R. Brinkley, famous goat-gland experimenter and candidate for the Governorship of Kansas.

Dr. Julius Klein's "The World's Business." C.B.S. Sundays, 7:00–7:15 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Regular 15-minute talk by the gentleman who, according to the official publicity released by a government bureau, has done more for our foreign trade than any other individual.

"Your Psychologist," featuring Michael Blankfort. Station WPCH. Mondays, 4:15–4:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Why waste money on a trained psychiatrist when you have a radio?

Helen King. Graphologist. Station WOR. Mondays, 4:15–4:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Another imposing example of unselfish radio service to the public in helping them with a knowledge of the future.

Sylph Laboratories Program. Station WOV. Tuesdays, 11:30–11:45 A.M. (E.D.S.T.) Canada will bitterly regret that such programs as this will no longer be available.

It is eminently fitting in entering upon this examination of programs designed to do more than titillate our feet and nervous systems to consider first several radio offerings affording the purest examples of that unrestrained private initiative our larger chains dream of enjoying. Station XER has the most powerful broadcasting equipment on the two American continents. It is pleasant to realize that this great station is operated primarily as a medium for Doctor John R. Brinkley's attempts to alleviate the ills of suffering humanity.

Even as Canada has meddled with its broadcasting stations, so the Kansas Board of Medical Examiners persuaded the Federal Radio Commission to interfere with Doctor Brinkley's little station in Milford, Kansas. It seems that there was some purely technical question about his right to practice medicine. The worthy Doctor promptly showed true American spunk by removing across the border to a country with more enlightened policies against restricting individual radio enterprise. Now he has reputedly made a fortune by selling his gland extracts and medicines to the hundreds of thousands of American citizens who regularly tune in every night on Station XER.

Dr. Julius Klein is a statesman, a very pillar of Hooverism and efficiency. Because of his recognized ability and power, he, of all men, should feel free to speak honestly and forthrightly to the people of his country. He is a witty and forceful speaker, with one of the best radio presences I have ever listened to. He has an opportunity, in going before his

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country every Sunday night, that many men would give their souls to possess. Doctor Brinkley has built up a large fortune by persuading his listeners that they feel better. Dr. Klein has been on the air two years and a half persuading people that conditions will be better. Of the two, so far, Doctor Brinkley has been the more convincing.

The other three programs listed are selected as examples from two hundred or so similar *Auswüchse* put out by our smaller stations having more of that freedom desired by the great chains. England, with nationalized broadcasting, still believes that the radio is incapable of helping complicated neurotic cases, reducing avoirdupois tissue, and predicting the future for an eager public. Only we can realize how much England is missing.

For the Public Good

American Taxpayers' League, with ex-senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., chairman of the League's radio committee, and public speakers of national prominence who desire to make the nation realize the seriousness of the tax situation. Various announcers. Sustaining program. N.B.C. WJZ network. 8:00–8:15 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Wednesdays. A program built around a group of estimable and earnest business men, bankers, and some of our less prominent statesmen. Every citizen interested in better government should tune in; unappreciative foreigners can try WEAF's "Big Time" at the same hour.

Here is a sterling program that all critics of the "American System" of privately controlled and owned radio broadcasting stations may confidently be referred to. It is an institutional program of importance and national magnitude unsoiled by vulgar propaganda to buy goods. It is something we all may be proud of and to which few of us will care to listen.

None of the speakers who have appeared, save Theodore Noyes of the *Washington Evening Star* and Congressman Will R. Wood, have ever indicated by their manner of address that they realize there is a distinct difference between speaking directly to a large crowd and doing the same thing through a microphone. If there is any real fault in the program, it is that the ponderous sentences are enlivened with clichés about "keeping the government out of business," which were more entertaining several years ago than now when government funds are helping to keep American business out of bankruptcy.

The League's avowed purpose is to reduce the Federal Government's central powers, to effect gradually the withdrawal of federal aid and supervision, and to strengthen state governments. From the standpoint of individuals financially interested in the broadcasting business, this is a laudable endeavor. In my more sinister moments I sometimes wonder if this could be the real reason why so much valuable radio time is given to the League rather than the hope that the program will be noble and inspiring to the public weal.

Salvation over the Air

The Cathedral Hour, directed by Channon Collinge, with tenor Theo Karle, contralto Barbara Maurel, soprano Adele Vasa, basso Crane Calder, and Cathedral Choir. Sustaining program. C.B.S. 4:00–5:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Sundays. Dignified and able presentation of sacred music.

Friendly Hour, with Dr. J. Stanley Durkee. Marley R. Sherris, announcer. Music under direction of George Shackley. N.B.C. WJZ network. 3:00–3:30 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Sundays. Saccharine but well prepared talks with above average church music.

Sabbath Reveries, with Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Same announcer as above. Same musical direction as above. N.B.C. WEAF network. 3:30–4:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Sundays. A speaker of convincing earnestness who deserves better than such a trite title for his period.

These three are all carefully non-sectarian programs. Those engaged in radio fear the danger of provoking antagonism from any religious sect almost as much as they do governmental ownership or control. Because of that fear it is a matter of surprise, and something which must be listened to for complete belief, to appreciate the worth of the above Sunday sustaining radio broadcasts.

It is true that there are several more publicized gentlemen of the cloth who may have larger audiences. From a standpoint of purely critical estimation of intellectual content, I am not concerned with them. They direct their appeal to and are very successful in holding the attention of a large mass audience. The above three programs are recommended because they represent a sincere attempt to meet the spiritual gropings of a thoughtful group of people, because the music is much better than you will find in most of our churches, and finally because their appeal does not seem to be strained toward any large mass audience.

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What the Public Should Know

Back of the News from Washington, with William Hard. Sustaining program. Political news service from N.B.C. Washington studios. WEAF network. 6:45–7:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Tuesdays. The "internationally known newspaper and magazine correspondent," Mr. William Hard, tells us what he thinks his radio audience should know.

Prohibition Plainly Put, with speakers of some national prominence. Sustaining program. C.B.S. 5:45–6:00 P.M. (E.D.S.T.) Thursdays. The various problems of prohibition divulged to the country without embarrassing the stations presenting this program.

As a speaker, Mr. Hard is the direct antithesis of that other facile reporter of world happenings, Mr. Floyd Gibbons. Mr. Hard's style of delivery could be characterized as restrained. The only positive opinion he expresses is that Congress, at times, is confused with the present situation. He may consider himself perfectly safe in holding his opinion. A number of his listeners feel the same way about it. No correspondent of international prominence wants to get into an argument with his listeners.

You receive the impression that Hard's is a purely mechanical operation of absorbing news, straining out everything that might be objectionable to the numerous groups and classes which clutter up the country, and delivering a pale sort of gruel which is thin enough to produce no bad effects on the weakest of stomachs. This is an admirable feat and deserves high commendation. It is so successful that the other program, "Prohibition Plainly Put," which the unknowing might consider a controversial subject, has followed Mr. Hard's formula with even greater plaudits.

The Masters' Voices

In as much as this month's criticisms are on a more elevated plane than usual, it is proper to devote some scrutiny to those voices so important in the "American System" of broadcasting. These are the voices which break up dramatic moments to cajole us into buying things we never thought of, which cut into a President's speech to introduce new programs, which at times are more entertaining than the talent they introduce, which bring us news of death, disaster, elections, and the important fact that "Killer" McKlob smacked down "Dynamite" Robert in the third round. The following eight voices have been selected for comment, not because they all represent the best — which God forbid! — but because they announce the most important programs and therefore have the greatest influence.

Ted Husing. C.B.S. Special and sports broadcasts. He has a clear, quick voice and the uncommon ability to give a complete and vivid picture of what is happening. His football broadcasts, especially, are marvels of ad-lib reporting. He never permits his emotions to tangle with his speech. Mr. Husing's voice belongs at the head of the list because it is backed by dramatic perception and intelligent striving for accuracy.

Bill Hay. N.B.C. Sponsored programs. Commercial announcer, "Amos 'n 'Andy." It is a relief to listen to Mr. Hay's voice. His pronunciation and accent are colloquial but not sloppy. His delivery is courteous and, what is rare in the usual commercial announcer, without affectation.

Norman Brokenshire. C.B.S. Commercial announcer, "Chesterfield," "Society Brand Program," *etc.* Here is a voice which can be greatly amusing with its deliberate, hearty, overexaggeration of the broad-A type of announcing. He has developed such a host of inept imitators that in self-protection he should have a law passed.

Tony Wons. N.B.C. Sustaining programs (and "Camel Quarter Hour" until it went off the air). This voice has a lush deepness which ideally agrees with the collection of philosophical tags it expresses, most of which have been borrowed from minds long dead.

Graham McNamee. N.B.C.'s star announcer. Feature of sustaining and sponsored broadcasts. For a number of years this voice has appeared on every program of note broadcast by N.B.C. Since Mr. McNamee joined Ed Wynn's Fire Chief program as a stooge with distinct possibilities, his voice is relieved by the necessity of thrusting commercial credits on gaping audiences, from following complicated sports with a flow of synthetically colorful words, and becomes hesitantly humorous and engaging.

Bill Munday. N.B.C. Special and sports broadcasts. This voice has developed a reputation because of its dramatic intensity and, I suspect, the ripe flavor of its southern accent. As far as content, it deserves little attention, since the relation of events is often inaccurate and sketchy in detail.

Floyd Gibbons. N.B.C. Special and topical broadcasts. A loud, fast voice which has gained considerable notoriety through its stunt style of delivery and sensational content. The possessor of this voice is advertising a correspondence school of broadcasting where "An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs." It is evident that Mr. Gibbons' ability was developed by some such very new method of practical training.

Sen Kaney. N.B.C. Commercial programs. (Currently, especially noteworthy in "Paul Whiteman's Pontiac Chieftains.") Mr. Kaney's voice is credited here because it is without pretensions. The man behind the voice probably believes in what he is talking about. Such belief is rare and deserves encouragement.

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The Pale Horror

Continued from page 100

"Herewith the discussion is closed, until *another* cause of syphilis is brought to our attention!"

Schaudinn was now beginning to feel seedy. In July he left Berlin for the Naval and Tropical Sickness Institute in Hamburg on a six months' leave of absence — planning to organize an expedition for Africa to study the sleeping sickness. There's never a doubt that he was a peculiar man, still much more fond of his wrong theory about malaria microbes and trypanosomes and spirochetes being all one beast really, than about this marvelous find of the pale horror.

"The whole thing's caused me nothing but annoyance," Schaudinn said.

All the time he was getting more and more famous. From all over the world Yes — Yes — Yes poured in, confirming his discovery. Old Metchnikoff had spotted the pale horror in his apes to which he'd given the loathsome sickness experimentally. It was found in the livers, literally swarming in the organs of little babies, born dead, whose poor mothers (not knowing) were tainted with it. By October there had been more than one hundred scientific reports absolutely confirming Schaudinn.

Now he wasn't the gay Fritz that he'd always been. He began sagging and losing his burliness — and here he was hardly thirty-five. He hated his job at the Health Office, though President Köhler had really done everything to back him.

All the while it began to get plainer and plainer how enormously practical this discovery of Schaudinn's really was. The Austrian, Landsteiner, quickly invented a most amazing, easy way to spot the pale horror — by the dark-field microscope. It was a very simple business — just shooting a strong beam of light against those microbes crossways. That lighted them up, exactly as a sunbeam lights up dust motes, as the sunbeam shines through a chink in the curtain of a darkened room —

Now with this dark-field microscope even your rank-and-file skin doctor could spot the pale horror in patients who might come (worried and conscience-stricken) at the very first tiniest sign of trouble. With this new gadget the pale horror stood out, a lovely, silvery, tight-wound spiral, whirling round and round as it drilled backward and forward, bending, twisting, lashing. It was unmistakable, once you laid eyes on it.

Metchnikoff was wild about it when Giemsa showed him these silvery demons whirling against a background of blackness.

"I'd never thought to have lived to see such pretty luetic fireworks!" the famous Jew shouted, laughing.

Schaudinn moved his wife and three babies to Hamburg, where the folks of that good Hansa town had given him a swell job at the Tropical Institute — just pure science, and plenty for his wife and children. Plenty — if he'd only get to feeling better. Down deep in him pain kept gnawing him. "Maybe it'll rest me to go to the Congress at Lisbon," thought Schaudinn. He went, feeling rotten.

Now searchers all over began to feel that, at last, here was a chance really to get at this sickness of the unmentionable name — now you could really collar the cause of it, see it, handle it, play with it —

The Austrian, Landsteiner, now explained (what could be more hopeful?) how tremendously fragile this pale demon was. Raise the temperature of it just ever so slightly above the heat of the human body, raise it no higher than the heat of a good high fever, and those pale corkscrews would spin faster and faster, and then die — miserably. . . .

Schaudinn was what you'd call a wow these days — the English (of all people!) were wanting him to come over to be a Professor. He hoped his trip to Lisbon would chase away that pain that gnawed at him.

Everything searchers were finding all over made this worst of sicknesses seem less formidable — now they had hold of the demon of it. This fellow, Roscher, showed how, if you just blew a current of hot air onto the first sore of the sickness, those spirochetes would curl up, die, disappear. . . . Of course that didn't cure it. Already they were finding how quickly those devils drilled their horrid way all through the body, away from the place where they first showed their gnawing. Yet — if just that little heat would shrivel them. . . .

Schaudinn got a great hand at Lisbon and started back for Hamburg sicker than ever.

It was hardly a year after his discovery, and the whole medical world was hoorahing for him, with him really beginning to worry about his wife and babies now. You, see, somehow, he'd always been too busy to feather a nest for them. Now the doctors had to operate on him on the boat on the way back to Hamburg. He certainly wasn't the gay giant now.

It was marvelous the way searchers were discovering how easily these spirochetes were killed even by mild antiseptics, or by drying, or by the tiniest bit of heat. It made you stop looking at this sickness of the (till recently) unmentionable name, from the moral angle entirely. It was plain now that if Schaudinn's pale corkscrews hadn't been so fragile — this disease would be universal, like tuberculosis, and not confined to spread by such intimate contact of human beings, only.

As John Stokes said, in substance, it wasn't divine moral purpose or satanic punitive ingenuity that made this sickness the reward of sin . . . "But a mere biologic accident no more significant in the last analysis than the fact that potatoes grow in sandy loam. . . ."

When Schaudinn got off the ship they hurried him to Eppendorf and did a desperate operation on him and he died — hardly thirty-five years old.

His wife and babies were penniless, but all the scientific world was still excited about his discovery so it was in a sense lucky (if he had to die soon) that he died so early. There was a great collection — a kind of benefit like they give for the families of indigent actors and other Bohemian kinds of people. It was a triumph for him again — though posthumously. They collected 87,710 marks and 90 pfennigs — in 1906 when a mark was real money.

All over, hope was stirring. In Frankfort-on-the-Main another gay man got ready his experiments. He shouted at his lab-boys, bawled for his lab-assistant, the Jap Hata, urged his chemists on to cook up more and more complicated dyes, chemicals, assorted arsenicals. He would annihilate at one shot Schaudinn's pale spirochete —

Of course Schaudinn had done his bit, and all he could (remembering he was only a protozoölogist) in this particular death fight. It had all been a curious business — uncomfortably illogical. If in the horribly wrong theoretical mixup he got himself into in that matter of malaria and spirochetes — if then he hadn't got his hawk-eye used to spotting extremely tiny, almost non-existent spirochetes in the stomachs of those mosquitoes —

But now what matter that idiotic theory? Now with searchers all over finding his pale horror, who'd ever forget Schaudinn?

"The Pale Horror" will be continued in our next issue.

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